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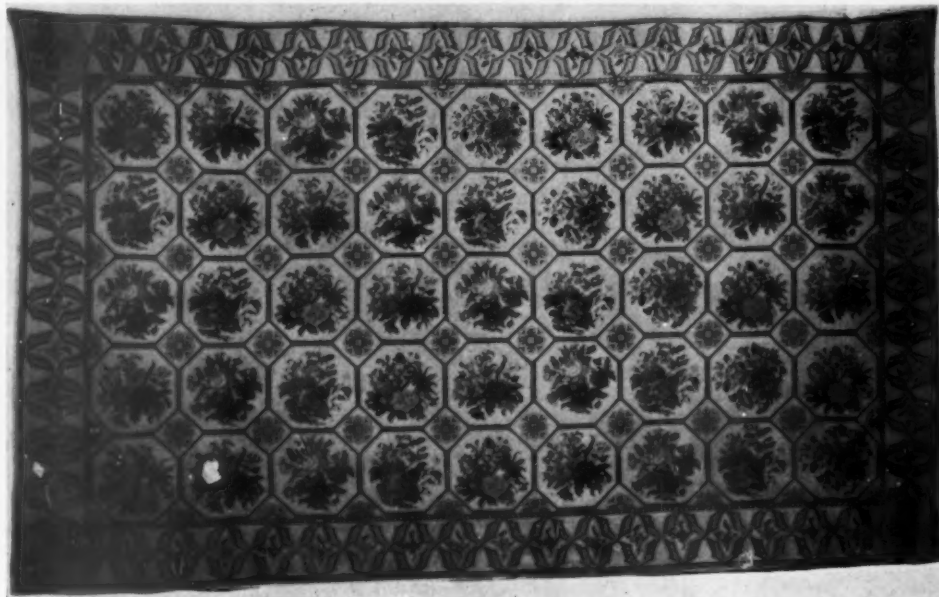
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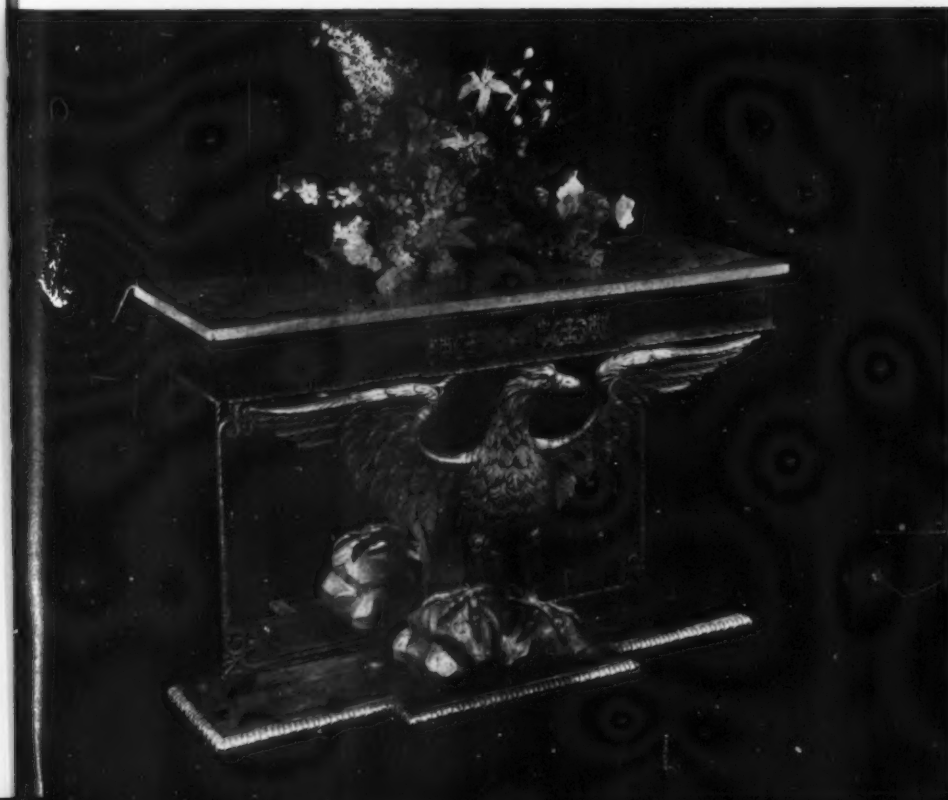
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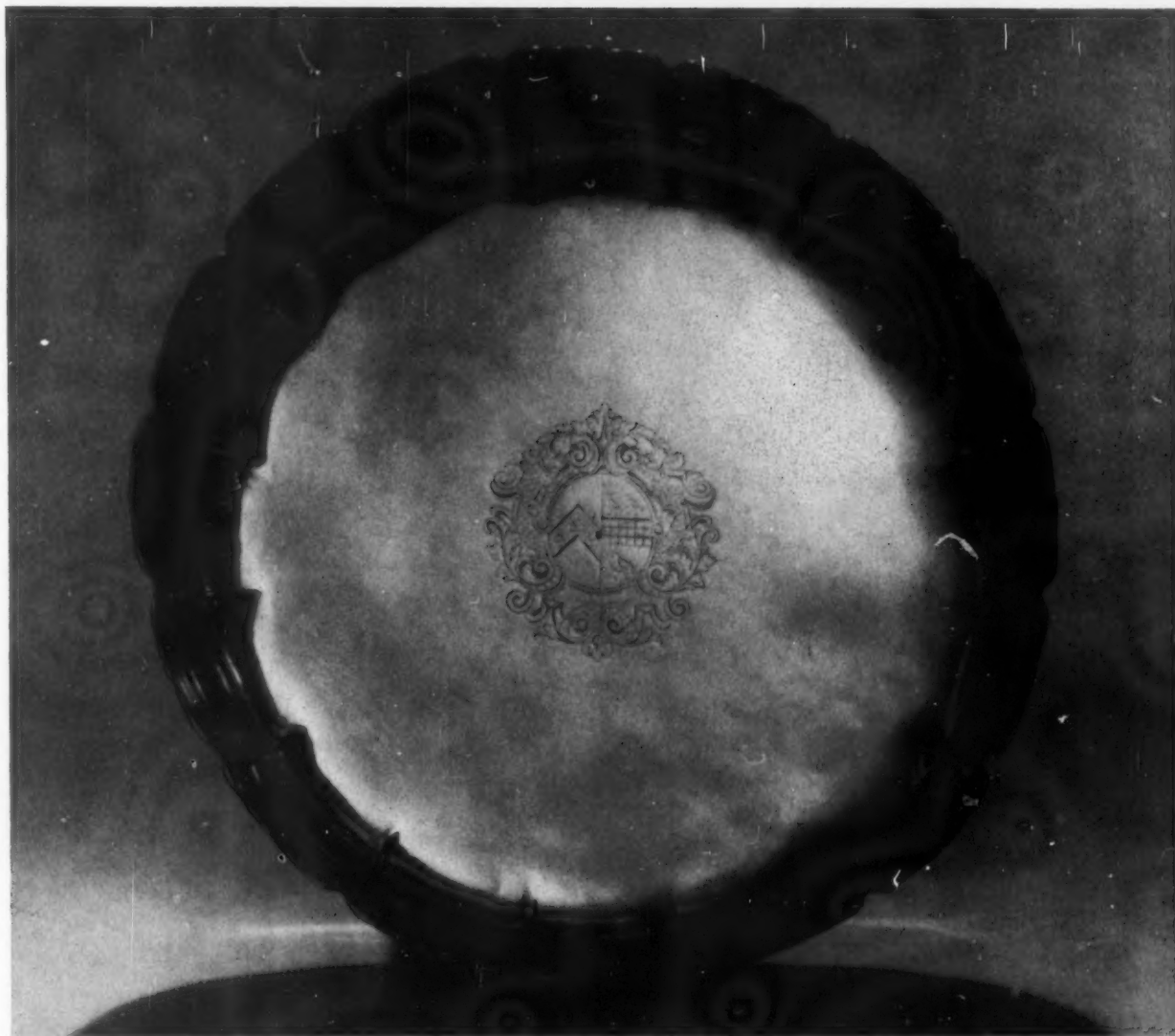
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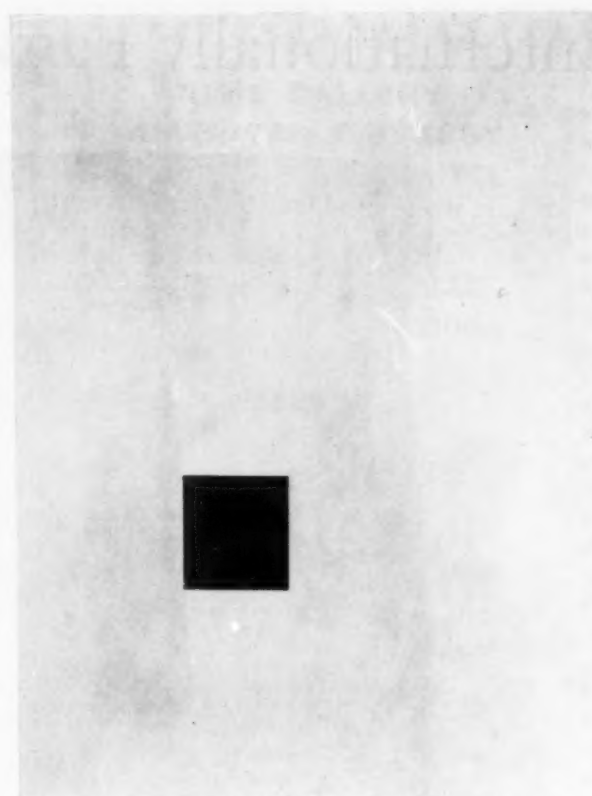
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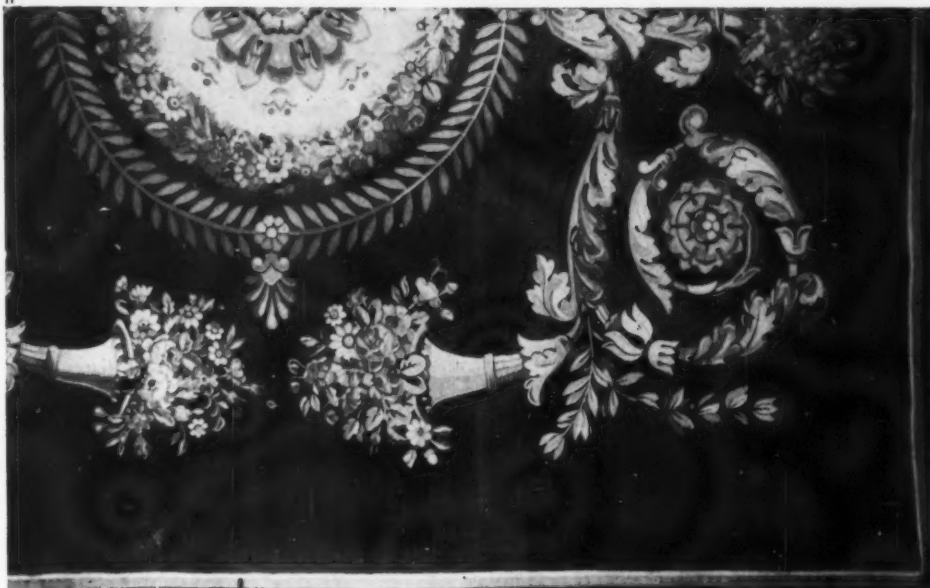
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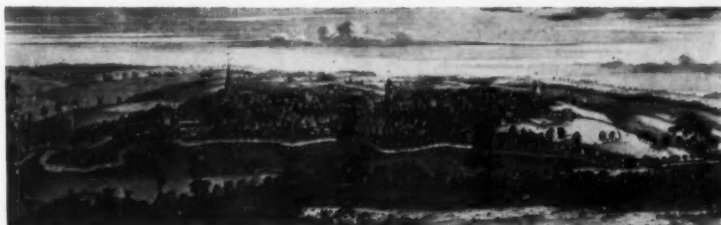
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THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

Volume LXXV. No. 442

December 1961

Editor and Publisher:

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MRS. M. L. D'OTRANGE MASTAI
21 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

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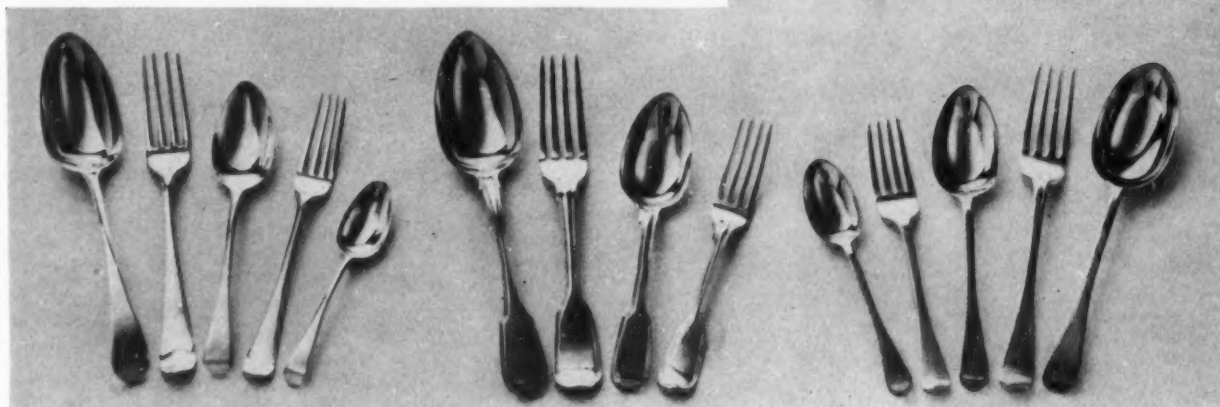
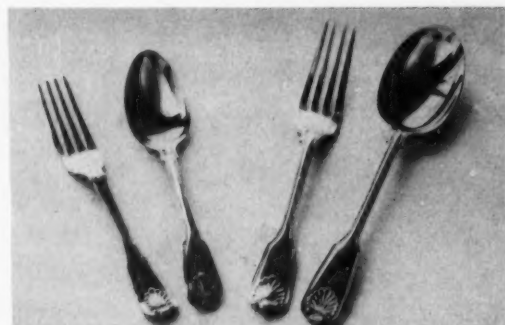


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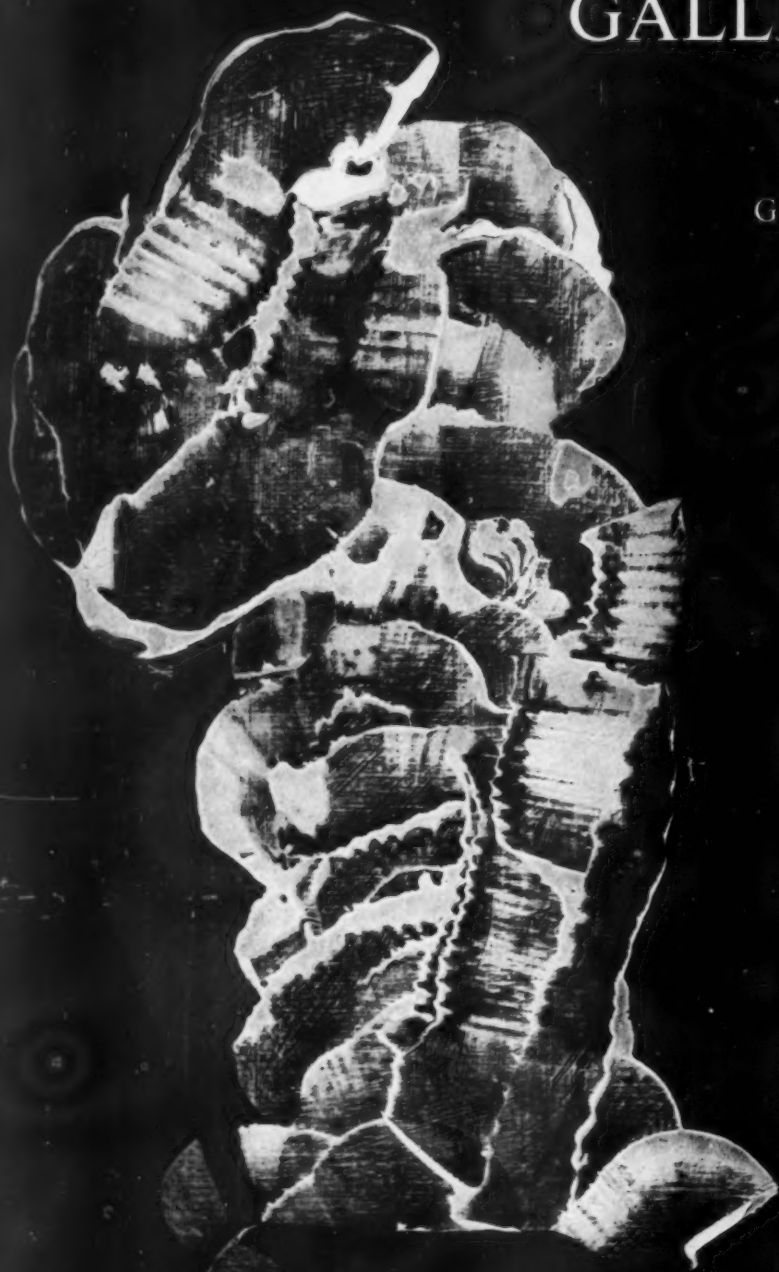
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By JOHN P. HARTHAN

IN THE LIBRARY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM—Part III 1650-1700*

THE armorial bookstamps of the Elizabethan and early Stuart periods usually dominate the bindings which they embellish. During the second half of the XVIIth century this heraldic emphasis in external book decoration becomes weaker though the personal interest attaching to the owner of a stamp remains. One reason for this shift in emphasis was the great improvement in bookbinding design after the Restoration. New patterns and more colourful leathers, especially blue, citron and crimson morocco, the latter popularly known as 'Turkey leather', were introduced from France and combined with *pointillé* or dotted tools in bindings more elaborate than any hitherto produced in England. The trend towards more colourful bindings, already apparent during the years of the Protectorate, made the dignified sobriety of a gilt armorial stamp on plain calf covers distinctly old-fashioned. There was also the practical difficulty that an elaborate 'all-over' or 'cottage style' binding provided no space for an heraldic stamp though examples are not uncommon where such stamps have been crudely superimposed with a usually uncouth effect.

The suggestion may also be hazarded that the new generation of politicians and courtiers were less bookish than their fathers. Only one of the five members of the Cabal Ministry, the Earl of Arlington, is represented by a bookstamp in the Clements Collection, and none of Charles II's mistresses—a contrast to the courtiers and favourites of Elizabeth I and James I. Most of the bookstamps from the period 1650-1700, nevertheless, still belong to persons eminent in politics, the church and the law, or to members of the aristocracy. About 40 baronets and knights are represented, a number of heralds and antiquaries (though not as many as in Charles I's reign), a few literary men, three or four ladies, and one doctor. Only in the XVIIIth century do stamps belonging to men who were book collectors and nothing else, become common.

The changes in the design of armorial bookstamps around the middle of the century will become evident as this article proceeds. It is noticeable that the full armorial achievement, so confidently displayed in the large Elizabethan and early Stuart bookstamps, of shield, supporters, helmet, coronet, crest, and motto, is employed less often after 1650; the tendency is to use smaller stamps of the shield or crest alone, enclosed within a laurel wreath, a pair of palm branches, or encircled by the Garter ribbon. The helmet above the

shield is often dispensed with, but not the coronets of rank used by peers, of which the precise form was only finally established by royal warrants of Charles II and James II. Another characteristic feature of Restoration heraldic design is the stylised treatment of the mantling which was elaborated into curling, feather-like scrolls often terminating in tassels. Since the mantling was originally the protective veil or drapery which hung from the helmet over the neck and shoulders, it was only possible to introduce this highly decorative feature in designs where the helmet was retained, but a similar treatment was also applied to crossed palm branches below the shield; examples of this 'feather ornament' are common in bookstamps.

Both new and old elements are found in the stamp of Robert Spencer (1629-1694) where the owner displays his armorial bearings with considerable vigour (Fig. I). On the upper cover is his crest, a griffin's head and wings emerging from a 'ducal' crest coronet, and on the lower the quartered arms of the Spencer family. In size and emphasis these stamps hark back to the beginning of the XVIIth century, while the crossed palm branches beneath the shield indicate a Restoration date. The small crescent on the shield should be noted. Robert Spencer was the second son of William Spencer, 2nd Baron Wormleighton, of Warwickshire; in 1685 he was created Viscount Teviot but died without heirs in 1694. His stamps are probably of the same date as the book, the second edition of Drummond's *History of Scotland*, published in 1681; if later than 1685 one would expect to find a viscount's coronet on the binding.

The Commonwealth period is suitably represented by the rare stamp of Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658), who became Protector of England in 1654 (Fig. II). G. D. Hobson has suggested that this stamp, containing the Protector's family quarterings, was used only for books in his personal library; it is different from the official Commonwealth bookstamps of two shields bearing the Cross of St. George and the Harp of Ireland¹. Cromwell's personal bookstamp is of an appropriate Puritan severity, the three-pointed shield being without any of the usual heraldic accessories. The lion rampant in the first quartering represents the arms of a Welsh family

¹ *English Bindings 1480-1940 in the Library of J. R. Abbey* (1940), No. 37.

Fig. I. The stamps of Robert Spencer (1629-1694), Viscount Teviot. Drummond (W.). *The History of Scotland*, 2nd ed. London, 1681.

Fig. II. The stamp of Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). MS. *Cornet Book* composed by John Hingston.



*Parts I & II appeared in the issues of December 1960 and June 1961.

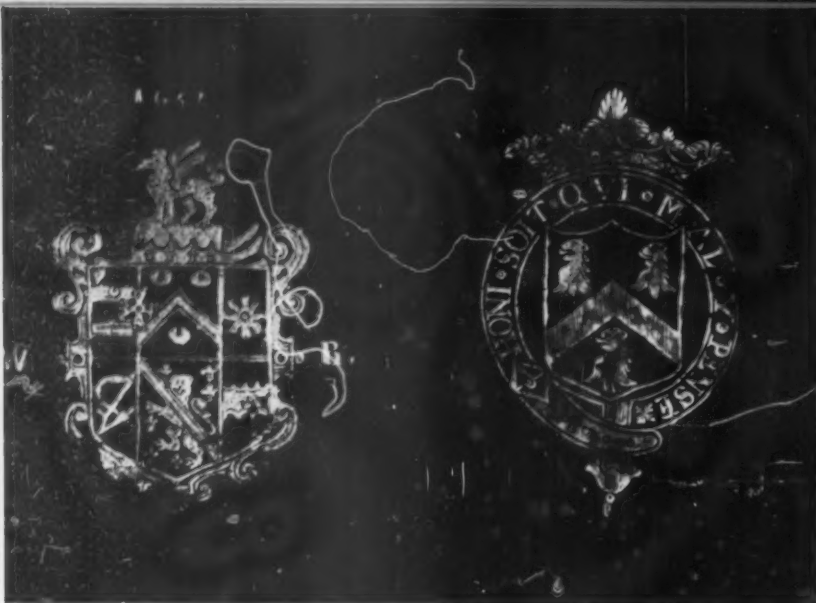


Fig. III. The stamp of Sir William Brereton (c. 1604-1658).
Mercurius Politicus. London, 1652.

Fig. IV. The stamp of George Monck (1608-1669), 1st Duke of Albemarle. *Eliana: a new Romance*. London, 1661.

named Williams from whom the Protector was paternally descended. During the reign of Henry VIII his great-grandfather, Sir Richard Williams, who came from Glamorganshire, was commanded by the king to assume the name of his uncle by marriage, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who was executed in 1540.

The Protector's stamp appears on a musical manuscript of great association interest, a 'Cornet Booke' composed by his organist John Hingston (d. 1683). Only the two bass parts, probably written for sackbuts, survive in the Clements Collection. The Protector was a lover of music who made much of Hingston despite the latter's previous service under Charles I. For a salary of £100 a year Hingston taught music to Cromwell's daughters, played the organ at Hampton Court, and sang before his master, with two boy trebles, the Latin motets of Richard Dering (d. 1630), the English-born composer who died a Catholic.

The stamp of Sir William Brereton (Fig. III) is of interest both on account of its owner, an active supporter of the Parliamentary cause, and because it is dated. Brereton commanded the Parliamentary forces in Cheshire, which county he won and held after several battles in the Civil War. He was born in 1606, created a baronet of Handworth, Cheshire, in 1627, and died in 1661. His bookstamp displays six quarterings surmounted by a chapeau and dragon crest, with the initials 'WB' at the sides and the date 1652 above.

The Restoration of 1660 is represented by the stamps of the two men most actively concerned in the return of Charles II to his throne, Monck and Clarendon. George Monck, commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary Army, by skilful handling of the military situation secured the king's return without bloodshed. For his services to the Crown Charles II created him Duke of Albemarle in July, 1660. Monck died in 1670 and was succeeded by his son Christopher, the second and last duke of Albemarle at whose death in 1688 the title became extinct. The Albemarle stamps exist in two sizes and appear to have been used by both father and son. The larger stamp (Fig. IV), consisting of a chevron between three lion's heads within the Garter ribbon, and surmounted by a ducal coronet, is on a copy of *Eliana*, an anonymous romance published in 1661 during the first duke's lifetime; the second stamp appears on *Annals of Love*, an anthology of royal romances published in 1672 which could only have belonged to the second duke.



Fig. V. The stamp of Sir Edward Hyde (1609-1674), 1st Earl of Clarendon. *Book of Common Prayer*. London, 1662.

Edward Hyde (1609-1674), 1st Earl of Clarendon, was the chief architect of the Restoration political settlement and Charles II's unofficial Prime Minister during the first few years of the new reign. The handsomely bound *Book of Common Prayer* (1662) illustrated in Fig. V may be a presentation binding by Nott who was described in Pepys' Diary for 12th March, 1669, as 'the famous bookbinder that bound for my Lord Chancellor's (i.e., Clarendon's) Library'. Though the Clements volume is not elaborately decorated, except on the spine, the four small *pointillé* tools at the sides of the covers are identical in design and placing with another Clarendon armorial binding in the Pierpont Morgan Library (Toovey-Morgan Catalogue, p. 165). The stamp shows, beneath an earl's coronet, Hyde's paternal arms in the first and fourth quarterings, and the arms of his mother Mary Langford, daughter and co-heiress of Edward Langford, of Trowbridge, in the second and third quarterings. On a small escutcheon of pretence in the middle of the shield are the arms, a silver cross, of his second wife Frances, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Master of the Requests. She was the mother of Anne Hyde, who in 1662 married James, Duke of York, Charles II's brother, and the grandmother of the two Stuart Queens, Mary II and Anne. At the corners of the rectangular centre panel are impressions of Hyde's crest, an eagle with wings expanded.

The bookstamps of several other active royalists are represented by fine examples in the Clements Collection. Henry Bennet (1618-1685), scholar, linguist and diplomat, was made Secretary of State by Charles II in 1662 and Earl of Arlington and a Knight of the Garter 10 years later in 1672. As one of the Cabal Ministry he played an important part in the secret Treaty of Dover (1670) but was impeached (unsuccessfully) for Popery in 1674 and forced to retire from political life. He was a man of cultivated tastes whose library at Euston Hall, Norfolk, was 'full of excellent books' according to Evelyn who wrote an enthusiastic account of a visit there in 1677.

Of respectable though not aristocratic birth Arlington's paternal coat of arms—Gules three demi-lions rampant argent—received an 'augmentation of honour' in the form of the royal orb which appears in the centre of his bookstamp (Fig. VI). It is usually blazoned as a bezant and its significance overlooked, perhaps because Arlington left



Fig. VI. The stamp of Henry Bennet (1618-1685), Earl of Arlington. Siliceo (O.). Scuola de'cavalieri. Orvieto, 1598.



Fig. VII. The stamp of Heneage Finch (c. 1628-1689), 3rd Earl of Winchelsea. Paruta (P.). History of Venice. London, 1658.



Fig. VIII. The crest stamp of Robert Bertie (c. 1639-1701), 3rd Earl of Lindsay. Laud (W.). A relation of the conference between William Laud and Mr. Fisher, the Jesuite. 3rd ed. London, 1673.



Fig. IX. The stamp of Sir Nathan Wright (1653-1721). West (W.). The first part of simboleography. London, 1621.

no son though he married his only daughter to the first Duke of Grafton, Charles II's son by Lady Castlemaine. This bookstamp illustrates a special feature of Restoration heraldry. By a warrant dated September 3rd, 1660, Charles II empowered Sir Edward Walker, Garter king of arms, to grant to 'any person of eminent quality, fidelity and extraordinary merit' additions to their coat of arms in the form of royal badges or items from the crown regalia. Such 'augmentations of honour' were a cheap way of rewarding past services to the Crown and encouraging future loyalty².

Heneage Finch (c. 1628-1689) who succeeded his father as 3rd Earl of Winchelsea in 1639, was created Baron Fitzherbert of Eastwell, Kent, at the Restoration. His bookstamp displays a chevron between three griffins passant, the arms of the Finch family, quartering the Fitzherbert arms, three lions rampant; the coronet of an earl, a peer's helmet and Pegasus crest surmount the shield which is surrounded by stylized mantling terminating in tassels (Fig. VII). Finch was agent of the Levant Company and unofficial English ambassador to Turkey from 1660 to 1670. During his residence in Constantinople his personal life assumed a thoroughly Turkish flavour for he kept many women and built separate houses for them. On his return to England Charles II welcomed him with the words 'You have not only built a town but peopled it', to which Finch neatly though daringly replied, 'Oh, Sire, I was your Majestie's Representative'.

Robert Bertie (c. 1639-1701), 3rd Earl of Lindsay, was Lord Great Chamberlain to Charles II and son of one of the four peers who offered themselves to the Commons in 1649 for punishment in place of Charles I, 'as being responsible by their advice for his acts'. The third earl's armorial is an example of a crest stamp used in place of a shield or full achievement; it shows a saracen's head, ducally crowned, between a pair of olive branches (Fig. VIII).

The stamp of Sir Nathan Wright (1654-1721), a Judge and Keeper of the Great Seal, shows his shield of arms surrounded by a characteristic example of plumed palm branches or 'feather ornament' mentioned earlier in this article (Fig. IX). A small ring or annulet, the cadency mark of a fifth son, may be distinguished in the centre of the shield. Examples of this stamp exist with and without this annulet; it may have been added by Sir Nathan Wright's fifth son William, who was Recorder of Leicester, to a

number of books which he acquired or inherited from his father's library.

The bookstamps hitherto discussed and illustrated all display or incorporate parts of the owner's armorial bearings. A new type of ownership mark was introduced during the Restoration period in the form of cyphers and monograms made up of the initial letters of the owner's name or title. Though the terms are often used indiscriminately the distinction between a monogram and a cypher is worth maintaining. A monogram consists of two or more letters combined in such a way that one letter forms part of another and cannot be separated from the whole device; in a cypher the letters are placed together or interlaced but retain intact their separate forms. The use of monograms to indicate book ownership is found in France and Italy towards the middle of the XVIth century. The famous 'HD' monogram used by Henri II (1547-1559), his wife Catherine de'Medici and his mistress Diane de Poitiers, to embellish their bindings may be regarded as the prototype. A further refinement was to turn one of the letters upside down so that the monogram could be read from any position. In the second half of the XVIth century there was a vogue for monograms among French collectors and bibliophiles, but the fashion did not reach England until nearly a century later.

English royal bookstamps did not greatly interest Mr. Clements but two Restoration specimens show how even in such matters as cyphers the Stuarts followed the example of their French cousins. The first royal stamp is the crowned cypher, variously read as 'DL' or 'JD' used by James II as Duke of York (Fig. X). A plausible case for the 'JD' interpretation ('Jacobus Dux'), reading the J upside down, was put forward by G. D. Hobson who recorded 21 bindings on which this mark appears³. The connection with James II is beyond doubt since he used the cypher to seal some of

³ *The Antiquaries' Journal*, vol. xv (1935), pp. 134-143.

Fig. X. The cypher of James II (1633-1701), as Duke of York. Robinson (I.). *Annales mundi*. London, 1677.

² See C. W. Scott-Giles. *Augmentations for Loyalty*. In *The Coat of Arms*, April 1960, pp. 51ff.





Fig. XI. The monogram of Queen Anne (1665-1714), as Princess. Hayward (Sir J.). *The lives of the III Normans, Kings of England*. London, 1613.

Fig. XIII. The monogram of Sir George Hungerford, M.P. (1635-1712). Leicester (Sir P.). *Historical antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland*. London, 1673.

Fig. XIV. The cypher of James Butler (1610-1688), 1st Duke of Ormonde. *Book of Common Prayer*. 1669.

his private letters; it is also shown in the engraving of the Duke of York's arms in Sylvanus Morgan's *The Sphere of Gentry* (London, 1661), book iv, p. 85. The design is made up of three separate stamps—coronet, cypher, and pair of palm branches—and exists in three versions distinguished by differences in the form of the coronet and size of the cypher.

The second royal stamp is also a monogram consisting of two A's, one upside down, between thick bunches of feathers and surmounted by a princely coronet (Fig. XI). Although sometimes attributed to Anne Hyde, first wife of James II, Mr. Clements believed this stamp to have been used by her daughter, Princess Anne, during the lifetime of her father. It occurs on a copy of Sir John Hayward's *Lives of the Norman Kings* (London, 1613), a suitable book for the education of an English princess. The resemblance to the double A monogram used by Anne of Austria (1601-1666), wife of Louis XIII, will strike anybody familiar with French royal bookbindings.

Charles II's crowned cypher of two C's addorsed, or back to back, which is the most common of all the Stuart cyphers and monograms, may also be traced to France where it was adopted by several royal personages whose names began with this letter. In England it was quickly imitated by a subject. Charles Cornwallis (1632-1673), 2nd Baron Cornwallis, employed a crest stamp of a stag lodged between palm branches, together with a cypher of two interlaced C's (Fig.

XII). The cypher can be distinguished from Charles II's only by the baron's coronet of four pearls in place of the royal crown. The stylish binding on which these stamps appear is a *Book of Common Prayer* (Cambridge, 1670) belonging to the chapel at Brome House, the Cornwallis

home in Suffolk. It was in the private chapels of country houses that the Anglican liturgy was secretly maintained during the Interregnum until the restoration of Episcopacy with the Monarchy in 1660 removed the need for concealment, as this binding demonstrates.

Sir George Hungerford (1630-1712), of Cadenham, Wilts, a member of Parliament for many years, adopted an ingenious monogram which contains the letters of both his Christian and surname; it is enclosed within a wreath formed by a palm and laurel branch (Fig. XIII). A different type of cypher, deriving from the engraved books of floriated alphabets and monograms of the French artist Mavrelot, is found on the bindings of James Butler (1610-1688), 1st Duke of Ormonde (Fig. XIV). Four times Viceroy of Ireland, this distinguished member of one of the oldest Anglo-Irish families used three armorial stamps of his full achievement, each slightly different in design and size. The examples in the Clements Collection are somewhat rubbed and his cypher has been chosen instead for reproduction. It consists of two B's, one reversed, and an O (for Butler, Ormonde) beneath a ducal coronet (Fig. XIV).

Though these examples indicate a new development in book ownership marks, the use of monograms and cyphers is rare in England outside royal circles. Since only royalty are customarily known by their Christian names it was perhaps felt that the proprietorship of cyphers, divorced from heraldry, would be insufficiently recognised among book collectors of lesser rank. On the Cornwallis binding already described the cypher appears in conjunction with the owner's crest. The same method is followed on many of John Evelyn's books. Fig. XV shows his 'IE' cypher, entwined with branches of palm, laurel and oak, in the centre of the cover; on the spine (though difficult to distinguish in a small reproduction) the cypher alternates with Evelyn's griffin crest. The famous diarist, collector and connoisseur (1620-1706) employed more than a dozen bookstamps of his arms, crest and cypher, and is known to have possessed binder's equipment and tools in his house at Wotton in Surrey. Some, at least, of these stamps were designed and cut in Paris. In the Evelyn Library at Christ Church College, Oxford, there is a signed drawing by Abraham Bosse, dated 1652, of designs incorporating Evelyn's arms, griffin crest and cypher. Evelyn was in Paris in 1647, where he married the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, English ambassador, and again in 1649-52. Both he and his father-in-law used armorial bookstamps concerning



Fig. XII. The crest stamp of Charles Cornwallis (1632-1673), 2nd Baron Cornwallis. *Book of Common Prayer*. Cambridge, 1670.



Fig. XV. The cypher of John Evelyn (1620-1706). Verstegan (R.). A restitution of decayed intelligence in antiquitie. London, 1634.

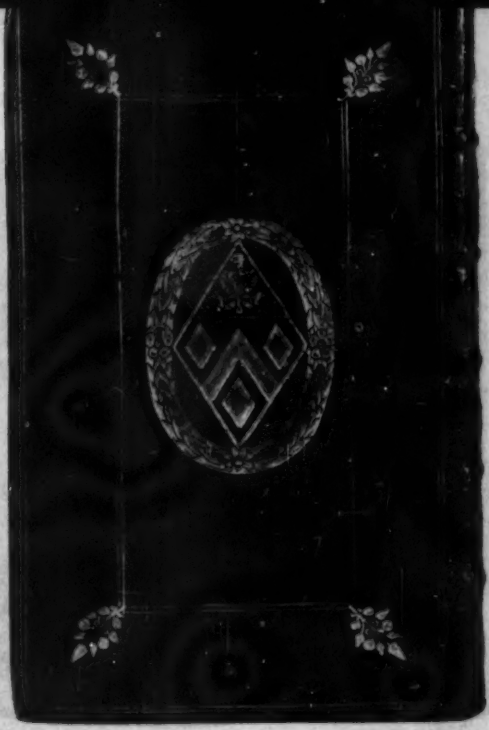


Fig. XVI. The stamp of Bridget Hyde (1662-1734), Duchess of Leeds. Comber (T). A companion to the Temple. 3rd ed. London, 1679.

which there has been considerable confusion. The correct ownership of the stamps and elucidation of the different cyphers belonging to Evelyn and Sir Richard Browne were first worked out by Mr. Clements⁴.

Three successive Restoration archbishops of Canterbury are represented by bookstamps in the Clements Collection—William Juxon (1660-1663), Gilbert Sheldon (1663-1677) and William Sancroft (1678-1691); the first two are here reproduced. Juxon, who succeeded Laud as Bishop of London, performed a unique double service for the Stuarts by attending Charles I on the scaffold and crowning his son 12 years later. His stamp, on a pair of detached covers, shows the arms of the see of Canterbury impaling his family arms, a cross between four blackamoor's heads (Fig. XVII).

Archbishop Sheldon used a crest stamp of a sheldrake holding a daisy in its beak; it is an effective design but gives no indication of the clerical status of the owner (Fig. XVIII). In 1660, the year of his consecration as Bishop of London in succession to Juxon who had been translated to

⁴ The heraldic ramifications of the Evelyn/Browne stamps are considerable. They have been exhaustively examined by Sir Geoffrey Keynes in *John Evelyn: a study in bibliophily* (Cambridge, 1937), pp. 24-28, where the numerous variants are reproduced.

Fig. XVII. The stamp of William Juxon (1582-1663), Archbishop of Canterbury. On a pair of detached book covers.

Fig. XVIII. The crest stamp of Gilbert Sheldon (1598-1677), Archbishop of Canterbury. Hammond (H.). Sermons. London, 1664.

Fig. XIX. The stamp of Dr. John Fell (1625-1686), Bishop of Oxford. Biblia Hebraica. Amsterdam, 1631.

Canterbury, Sheldon was granted arms of a chevron between three ducks or sheldrakes in punning allusion to his name. He is chiefly remembered for building and endowing the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, one of the first works of Christopher Wren.

Another famous Oxford association is provided by the stamp of Dr. John Fell (1625-1686), Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford. This great benefactor of the University Press was a staunch royalist and follower of Laud who maintained Anglican services at Oxford during the Interregnum. His bookstamp displays his arms—or, two bars sable charged with three crosses pattée fitchy—on a shield between two laurel branches elegantly tied at the top with a ribbon and at the bottom with a tassel (Fig. XIX). The diagonal shading does not correctly indicate the gold of the field but serves to distinguish it from the bars.

An example of a Restoration lady's bookstamp is provided



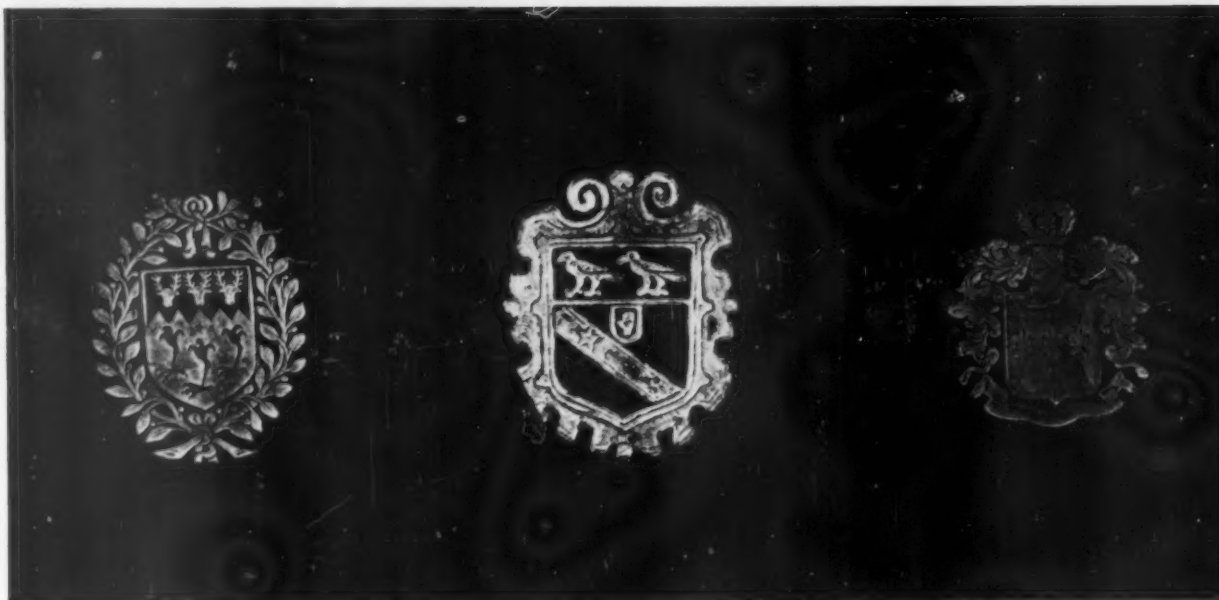


Fig. XX. The stamp of Dr. Henry Stanley (c. 1662). Brerewood (E.). *Enquiries touching the diversities of languages and religions*. London, 1635.

Fig. XXI. The stamp of Sir Robert Vyner (1631-1688). Fuller (T.). *A Pisgah-sight of Palestine*. London, 1662.

Fig. XXII. The stamp of John Robins, or his son, of Matson, Gloucestershire. Blome (R.). *Britannia*. London, 1673.

by that of Bridget Hyde (1662-1734), only daughter of Sir Thomas Hyde, second and last baronet of Aldbury, Herts (Fig. XVI). In 1682 she married Peregrine Osborne, son of the notorious politician Danby, who succeeded his father as second Duke of Leeds in 1712. The broad laurel wreath is old-fashioned in style but gives solidity to the stamp. The arms of Bridget Hyde's father, a chevron between three lozenges (*cf.* Lord Clarendon's stamp, Fig. V), with an eagle displayed in chief, are shown on a lozenge according to the practice for unmarried ladies or widows. The first state is here indicated as, if a widow, the husband's arms would appear also on the lozenge. The stamp is thus probably contemporary with the book, the third edition of Dr. T. Comber's *A Companion to the Temple* (London, 1679), a devotional commentary on the Prayer Book.

Bookstamps were occasionally used by untitled collectors in Restoration England as in the case of the physician mentioned at the beginning of this article. He was Dr. Henry Stanley, of Cursiter's Alley, Middlesex, who had no less than three bookstamps. One of his two crest stamps is reproduced in Davenport's *Heraldic Bookstamps* (p. 356), but the stamp shown in Fig. XX does not appear to have been previously published. The shield displays three eagle's legs with three stag's heads on a chief indented; in the centre of the shield is a mullet, the cadency mark of a third son. The pedigree of Henry Stanley, M.D., third son of Henry Stanley, of Chichester, is recorded in the Visitation of Middlesex for 1663-64. His initials 'H.St.' and notes concerning purchase are found in some of his books, including the Clements volume which is a copy of Edward Brerewood's *Enquiries touching the diversity of languages and religions* (London, 1635), a curious work containing references to religious practices in the New World.

To conclude these examples of Restoration bookstamps two examples may be juxtaposed to illustrate the difference between a mediocre and a fine bookstamp. The stamp of Sir Robert Vyner (1631-1688), which can be dated from

after 1666, is old-fashioned in design, coarsely engraved and crudely impressed on the leather (Fig. XXI). The shield displays a bend charged with a mullet, two Cornish choughs on a chief, and the Hand of Ulster on a small shield in fess point. These are a variant of the arms granted in 1558 to the Wiltshire Vyners, but there is no doubt to whom the stamp belonged. Robert Vyner was the third son (hence the mullet) of William Vyner, of Eathorpe, Warwickshire. He became a wealthy goldsmith banker in London with a yearly income assessed in 1660 at £3,500⁵. Charles II nominated him as one of the knights for the projected Order of the Royal Oak. He was also Royal Goldsmith, in which position he was responsible for supplying the Coronation regalia and the new plate for the Chapel Royal; in 1666 he received a baronetcy and was Lord Mayor of London in 1674-75.

Somewhat later than Vyner's clumsy stamp is the delicately engraved stamp reproduced in Fig. XXII. This is an early instance of the correct use of cross hatching on a bookstamp to indicate the heraldic tincture of sable or black. Unfortunately neither the date nor ownership of the stamp can be precisely established. It occurs on the upper cover only of an annotated copy of Blome's *Britannia* (London, 1673). The arms are those of the Gloucestershire family of Robins—Per pale argent and sable, two flaunces and three fleurs-de-lys counterchanged—with an esquire's helmet bearing a crest of a fleur-de-lys between two dolphins, and the motto 'Esse non videri' on a scroll beneath the shield. The stamp probably belonged to John Robins, or his son, of the manor of Matson, whose name appears in the printed lists of 'Nobility and Gentry' of Gloucestershire at the end of the book. At the beginning is a list of over 800 'Benefactors & Promoters' who helped Blome to get his book published, together with engraved plates of their armorial

⁵ Wotton (T.). *The English baronetage*. London, 1741, vol. iv, p. 369.

(Concluded)

bearings. Among them is Sir Robert Vyner (no. 73); the arms allotted to him are identical with those of the bookstamp reproduced in Fig. XXI.

With the Robins bookstamp we reach the threshold of the XVIIIth century and the end of the period covered by these articles. The decline in the fashion for armorial bookstamps which followed the introduction of the new and colourful binding styles of the Restoration period was part of the general eclipse of heraldry in English social life during the last quarter of the XVIIth century. England was then entering the Augustan Age when heraldry, although it never lost its value as a status symbol, shared something of the disfavour with which all things medieval were regarded. The vitality of heraldic design in Elizabethan and early Stuart times stemmed from its association with genealogy; in heraldic glass and on funeral monuments the science of armoury became a picture-language for the display of ancient descent and family relationships. The marshalling or correct arrangement of the different shields showing inheritance of arms through heiresses was one of the principal duties of the heralds. After the reign of James II, when the system of Visitations was abandoned, the heralds lost many of their powers and functions. The genealogical link was much weakened except in the case of funeral hatchments of deceased persons set up in churches; in other fields heraldic

art became little more than an ornamental mode of indicating proprietorship in the hands of jobbing artists and 'herald stainers'.

In book collecting this decline in accurate, heraldic display may be seen in the vogue for engraved bookplates or *ex-libris*, designed for insertion within the book cover, on flyleaf or title-page. By the first decade of the XVIIIth century these had begun to rival and even supersede the more grandiose and expensive external bookstamp. Instances may be found of a collector such as Horace Walpole who employed both an *ex-libris* and a *supra-libros*, but in general those who possessed bookplates did not bother to have an external stamp as well. A bookplate establishes but does not proclaim the ownership of a book. The point of an external stamp is that it should be seen and recognised as a personal mark testifying to the position, taste, generosity and wealth of a particular individual. This function was admirably performed by the decorative bookstamps of the late XVIth and XVIIth centuries which have been reproduced in these articles.

[All stamps and bindings are reproduced on reduced scale. Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Clements' MS. Catalogue of his Collection of Armorial Bookbindings which has supplied much of the heraldic information in these articles and to the Victoria and Albert Museum for illustrations in these articles. Cyril Davenport's pioneer but not always accurate dictionary of *English Heraldic Bookstamps* (London, 1909) records nineteen of the sixty stamps illustrated in these articles.]

(Concluded)

POTTERY BY MICHAEL CASSON

By VICTOR RIENAECKER

THE modern artist's attitude to his work involves a direct relationship to a new overall concept of human life and its meaning. The Industrial Revolution had the effect of splitting the human personality; and the problem for the artist became the problem of how to formulate his aesthetic ideals in terms of the needs and the social purposes of the present generation. Michael Casson seems to welcome the discipline called for in the making of pots and other pieces that accept the challenge of the exacting conditions of use and ornament in the modern home; so that every individual piece may perform its decorative function in conjunction with those of purely practical use in the domestic economy.

Michael Casson was introduced to pottery during his Art Teacher's Diploma course in 1948-52; but apart from this he is entirely self-taught. Today he teaches at Harrow School of Art and makes pots at his own workshop in Prestwood, Bucks. His early work was mostly in litharge and tin glazed earthenware. He has taken part in all the major national mixed craft exhibitions, and has exhibited at Heals Ltd., and the Craftsmen Potters' Association. Most of

the leading London Stores have shown his work at various times; and he has many pieces in important private collections. All the pots here illustrated are specimens of stoneware, thrown on kick and electric wheels, with applied decoration in various techniques—wax resist, inlay, fluting, etc. His glazes include magnesium matt greys, browns and blues, and simple ash and clay or ash and barium carbonate. Michael Casson's aim is to explore the possibilities of various clays and glazes in different combinations under actual firing conditions: to experiment with as many raw materials as possible, and to tackle all the three groups of pottery, i.e., Earthenware, Stoneware, and Porcelain (the last is yet to come), with all the technical resources at his command and mastery of skill in throwing pots on a wheel. And all this combined with an ever increasing aesthetic awareness of the significance of shape, form and decoration.

Fig. 1 illustrates a round pot of manganese bearing clay with wax resist and iron decoration, thrown and biscuited to 950° centigrade: magnesium matt glaze on outside and iron bearing ash glaze inside: the design was then painted

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on in a mixture of hot wax and oil. For this a fluid rapid treatment is essential—a split second for each stroke. The wax solidifies immediately when the iron can be banded on with a brush, the wax pattern resisting the water-bound medium.

Figs. II, III and IV are 'Owl' pots with matt glazes of iron or cobalt for decoration. Their main interest lies in the use of the owl head idea for knobs. These heads have been abstracted until they are just a bar with eye holes in one case and abstract head shapes in another.

Fig. V illustrates a lidded pot with wax-resist ash glaze. The technique is the same as for Fig. I; but in this case the throwing had to be taken much further. The relationship between the foot, body curve, the flat angle below the flange and the deep-set lid are the main interests. The wax resist technique and the use of cobalt oxide subdued by the iron in the ash glaze are employed to enhance the horizontal lines of the pot.



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Fig. VI is a wide mouthed pot thrown in a heavily grogged rough clay, with the frequently recurring 'growth motif' introduced by Michael Casson into the decoration of his work. Here it is incised to a depth of about 1/16 in. and filled in with white vitreous slip. When dry it was scraped flush with the surface and bisected to a temperature of 950° centigrade. Next black manganese oxide was painted on thickly over the body to form a matt black glaze but thinly where it crosses the vitreous slip. This produces a unique almost golden iridescence.

Fig. VII is a large Breadcrook with vitreous slip decoration and with added lugs to facilitate easier lifting. This piece illustrates some interesting techniques. The use of vitreous slip heavily loaded with manganese and iron (vitreous slip is a mixture that is not quite a slip or a glaze but has some qualities of each when fired to a temperature of 1,280° centigrade). The vitreous slip was banded on with a brush after the lugs had been added by squeezing small balls of clay into flatter rounded shapes pierced through with holes. The ring-like decoration of the body of this piece was then impressed into the still wet vitreous slip. The lid was thrown the right way up and not, as is more usual, upside down and the knob 'turned' later. Here only the flange of the lid needed attention, and a stronger more spontaneous line of the lid to knob resulted. The whole piece was then bisected to 950° centigrade, and then glazed with a magnesium matt glaze to 1,280° centigrade. The lid was fixed in position with a layer of flint separating it from the body to prevent it sticking.

Interest in the art of the potter has become increasingly popular in England since William Morris and John Ruskin so vigorously sponsored all the hand crafts. It was a movement designed to put science and the machine in their places, because they were believed to threaten to extinguish the artist's true source of inspiration. The artistic revolt gave rise to groups of earnest practitioners "who", as Bernard Leach has said, "wanted to find a new way of life and work with reward and fulfilment in the effort, even at the cost of a simpler standard of living". These people "want to make things . . . which are alive as they are alive to our day, inheriting the past and probing the future; made by and for the whole man, heart, head and hand".

ARTICULATE CHRISTIANITY IN MODERN AFRICAN LIFE

By CYRIL G. E. BUNT



1 Supper at Emmaus.

MANY years ago I drew the attention of students of indigenous African culture to the remarkable survival of unmistakable evidences, in recent African art of the Niger basin, of the impact of mediaeval Byzantine beliefs upon the carvings of the Yoruba and Nupe tribes of West Africa showing that the decorative devices were undoubtedly of early Christian origin. In fact, that their traditions acknowledged contact with the Mediterranean empire, whose rulers lived afar off in a city by a great water, where no crocodiles or alligators were found, but on whose waters sailed great ships with white wings and whose people worshipped *Issa* (Jesus). This contact and trade across the Sahara desert ended with the conquest of the Byzantine Empire by the Mahomedans in 1453, when the people relapsed into paganism once again and Africa became once more the "Dark Continent".

And now, in this XXth century, the natives of East Africa are being converted slowly to the Christian Faith by a devoted band of missionaries and we are able to see that their native talent for carving in wood is beginning to reveal the influence of the devoted labours of their patient teachers. Particularly is this noticeable in the series of carvings which I am privileged to reproduce here, all carried out with great skill by talented Mashona craftsmen at the mission station of Serima, Southern Rhodesia. In them we can see that, while they are reverent and devotional, they have nothing of the barbarity and coarseness of the "negro art" which, three or four decades ago, led the late Roger Fry to go into insincere ecstasies and led to a popular outcrop of so-called critics with their cult of the unlovely, which has not yet died out.

It is for this reason that we mark this Christmas issue of *APOLLO* by introducing to our readers the work of these



2 Journey to Emmaus.

unnamed artists of Southern Rhodesia, feeling sure that all will agree with us that they are in every way worthy to take their place, and an honoured place, in the traditional art of one of the greatest of our colonies.

The Mashona are far from being an irreligious people, even in their pagan state acknowledging one god; and their beliefs in the spirit-land is fundamentally a cornerstone of their religion. It is, therefore, no great matter for surprise that, when converted to Christianity, they make such devout adherents to the new Faith and are able to produce among them so truly talented artists as the carvers of these devotional proofs of their faith. Nevertheless, these few works of religious art are worthy to stand upon their own merits, for every one tells its story plainly and conveys a direct and simple message. Each is testimony of a reverent piety, and of no small merit in technical ability.

Consider the two companion panels of the Journey to Emmaus, Figs. I and II. In their way they tell the story almost as vividly as the celebrated canvas by Rembrandt. The second panel depicts the meeting of the Risen Christ with His two disciples on the way to Emmaus and the first that memorable moment when, at the supper, Christ reveals His identity, by recalling the breaking of bread at the Last Supper. Without Rembrandt's power of revealing the unseen, this carving, nevertheless, recalls all the essential details of that eventful episode by which, in emphasising the truth of the Resurrection, He sets the seal upon His Divinity which is the foundation stone of Christian belief. Not quite so dramatic is the figure of Christ (Fig. III) which shows the Saviour, crowned with a cage-like receptacle (? for lighted tapers) and the Divine hands holding the chalice of the New Testament upon His knees. It is solemn and impressive and above all reverent. One imagines it to be the



3 Figure of Christ, 2 ft. 8 in. high.



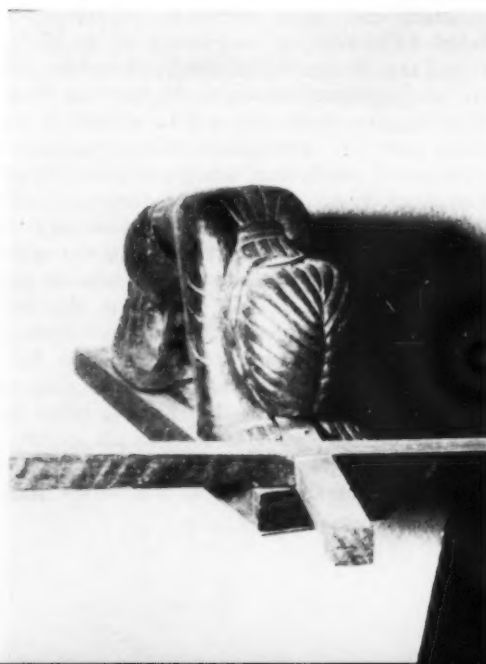
6 Virgin and Child, 2 ft. 8 in. high.

embellishment of a shrine in the native-built church and thus immensely appropriate as the iconic expression of the Christian dependence upon the Redemption as the key to Eternal Life. Similarly, in Figs. IV and V these Mashona artists employ their talents in the endeavour to awaken the minds and hearts of their brethren by depicting two graphic episodes in the journey to Calvary. Fig. IV is the Carrying of the Cross, Fig. V the Falling under the weight of the Cross, both familiar scenes in the art of the white man. Here they are translated into the native idiom of the nation of spiritually-minded Mashonas with a simplicity which is very effective.

Finally, in Fig. VI, we see the inevitable representation of the Virgin and Child, given in a sedate and lucid treatment which is refreshing in comparison with far too many of the grotesquely unsympathetic treatments of the same theme by European artists of today. We do not necessarily look for the italianate beauty of an artist who has been through the schools of Rome, but at least we look for sincerity, which we get in this figure with its simplicity of thought and feeling. The Mashona are simple people and simplicity is the characteristic of all this remarkable phase of religious art which today is flourishing in the villages of Southern Rhodesia.



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Two of the
Stations of
the Cross.
1 ft. 6 in. high.

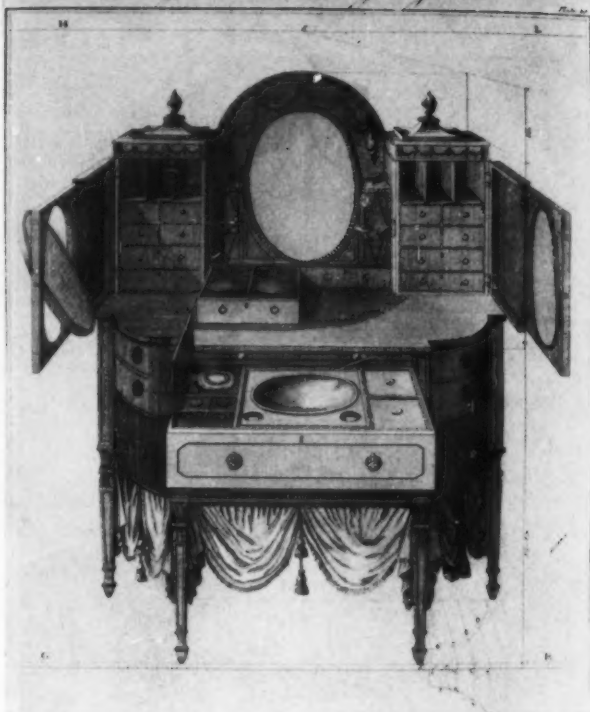


Fig. I. A Lady's Cabinet Dressing Table by Thomas Sheraton, 1791.

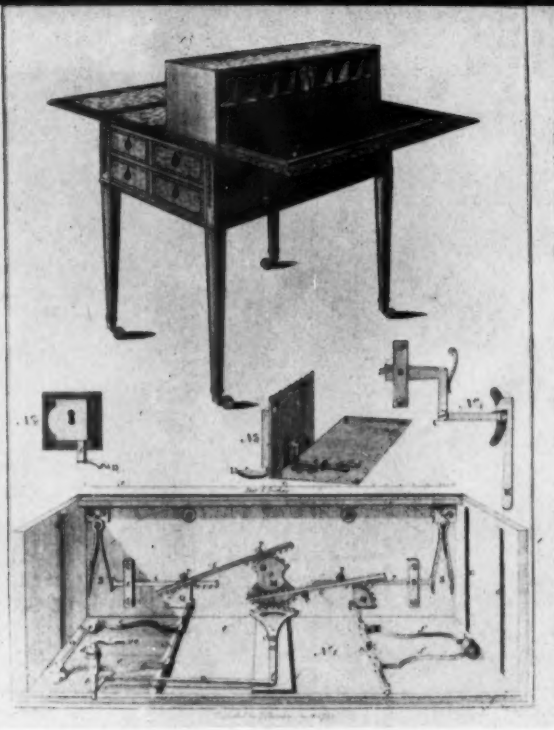


Fig. II. Sheraton's Harlequin Pembroke Table, with a view of the internal mechanism.

HARLEQUINS AND TRANSFORMATIONS

By JAMES MELTON

IN England, towards the end of the XVIIIth century, there was a noticeable trend towards the making of pieces of furniture that would serve more than one purpose. Not only was their novelty appreciated, but space became a consideration in the home and the library-steps/armchair, the "Harlequin Pembroke", and similar complicated articles were designed. They were undoubtedly popular, although probably costly. Their scarcity today is due probably to the fact that their very complexity has been their undoing; a broken spring or a worn gear-wheel caused their breakdown, and inevitable relegation to the scrapheap followed in due course.

The Harlequin was a piece that concealed within an innocuous exterior an extra function revealed to mingled surprise and satisfaction by pressing a button or turning a handle. The name was taken from that of Harlequin in the popular Italian Comedy, who is supposed to be invisible to Pantaloon and plays tricks on him by conjuring away articles from beneath his nose.

The Transformation, so-named by French cabinet-makers, was a piece that might be transformed simply into one or more others. There is, indeed, little difference, except in name, between a Harlequin and a Transformation.

Thomas Sheraton engraved a number of such pieces in his *Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer's Drawing-Book*, published in 1791. "A Lady's Cabinet Dressing Table", shown here in Fig. I, is a typical example and the designer wrote of it as follows:

"This table contains every requisite for a lady to dress at. When the washing-drawer is in, a slider which is above it may be drawn out to write on occasionally. The ink and sand are in the right-hand drawer under the centre dressing-glass. Behind the drapery, which is tacked to a rabbit, and fringed or gimped, to cover the nails, is a shelf, on which may stand any vessel to receive the dirty water. Above the drapery are tambour cupboards, one at each end, and one

in the centre under the drawer. Above the tambour at each end are real drawers, which are fitted up to hold every article necessary in dressing. The drawers in the cabinet part are intended to hold all the ornaments of dress, as rings, drops, etc. Behind the centre glass is drapery: it may be real to suit that below, or it may only be painted in imitation of it. The glass swings to any position, on centre pins fixed on the shelf above the candle-branches. The side-glasses fold in behind the doors, and the doors themselves, when shut, appear solid, with ovals in the panels, and ornamented to suit the other parts".

Obviously, Sheraton took great pains to please the fastidious XVIIIth century lady of fashion, but perhaps he overreached himself in this instance. No piece as complicated appears to have survived, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the intricacies of the design of such a dressing-table may have proved too great a test for both cabinet-maker and client.

The Harlequin Pembroke table, mentioned above, was actually made and a number of period examples have been recorded. Sheraton's design is shown here in Fig. II. He remarks that it is "very suitable for a lady", not only for a breakfast-table but also as a writing-table. He admits that the design is not his own invention, but that although a number of them had been made none were equipped with the intricate machinery of which he engraves a perspective view and prints six pages of descriptive matter. Not unexpectedly in view of the weight of metal within, he adds: "The legs are made a little stronger than usual, because the table is pretty heavy altogether".

Five years earlier in date than Sheraton's example is a design for a "Harlequin Table" by Thomas Shearer, printed in *The Cabinet-Maker's London Book of Prices* of 1788 (Fig. III). This is described as: "Two feet three inches long, one foot nine inches from back to front, three feet high,

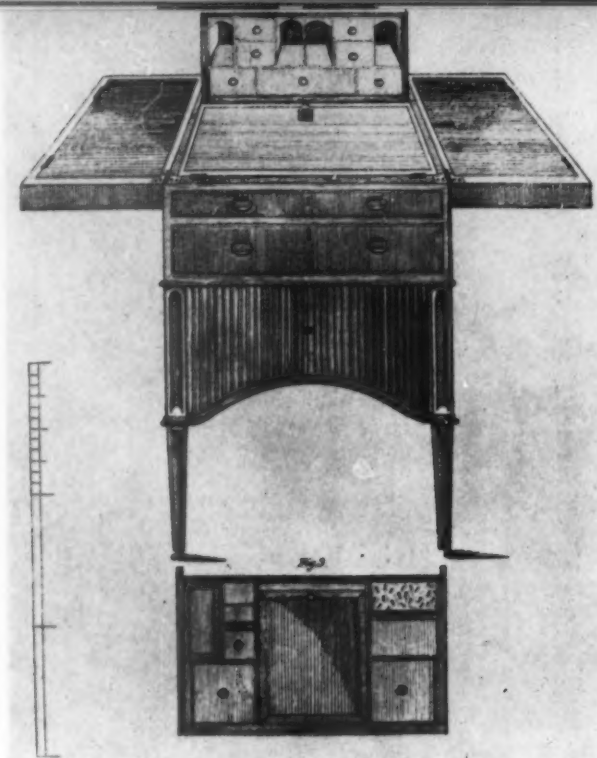


Fig. III. Thomas Shearer's Harlequin Table, 1788.

folding tops and taper'd legs, a writing flap in the top, square clamp'd, with a horse under ditto, the harlequin to rise with springs . . . a cupboard below with hollow tambour to run right and left, and an astragal on the edge of the bottom". The cost of making this, without providing materials, was given as £3.6s. Extras included the supplying of weights to counterbalance the harlequin to be installed at a cost of 2s. 6d., plus 9d. for casting the weights themselves.

It may be remarked that this type of mechanical furniture was made also in Germany and in France. In the latter country, the Royal cabinet-maker Jean-François Oeben, in particular, made a number of pieces of great ingenuity. One of the most renowned and typical is a "Meuble à toilette à transformations", which resembles a tall chest of five drawers. By turning a handle at one side a concealed bookshelf rises from within; one of the drawers is a writing-desk, another a foot-rest, and a third can be removed entirely and unfolded to make a separate small writing-desk for use on a bed. A piece of this type was included in the contents of Oeben's workshop at his death in 1763, and is described as follows in the Inventory made at that time: "Une table à la Bourgogne de 26 pouces de long sur 35 de haut et 19 de large, dans laquelle est par derrière une bibliothèque montante; garnie au-devant d'un petit abattant, au-dessous deux tiroirs, et encore au-dessous une petite table de lit et un marchepied en prie-Dieu; le tout plaqué de bois de rose et amaranthe à fond gris en mosaïque; orné de 2 fortes moulures". In 1763 it was valued at 260 livres; the rate of Exchange varying then between twenty and thirty livres to the pound Sterling makes an equivalent in English money of about £10 or £12.

One of the most popular English transformations took the form of a concealed set of library-steps. Not only were these made plain and undisguised, but many were revealed only on manhandling an innocent-looking armchair, stool, or table. Sheraton shows two designs for the dual-purpose table variety, one of which is illustrated in Fig. IV. He mentions that the design is taken from steps made by "Mr. Campbell, Upholsterer to the Prince of Wales. They were first made for the King, and highly approved of by him, as every way answering the intended purpose." Among the subscribers to

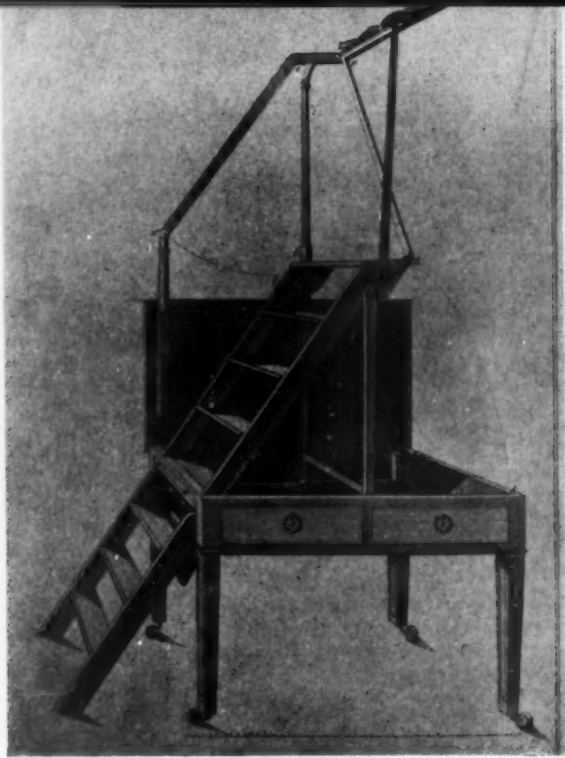


Fig. IV. Sheraton's version of Robert Campbell's library-steps.

Sheraton's *Drawing-Book* is to be found the name of "Campbell and Son, Cabinet-makers to the Prince of Wales, Mary-le-bone-street, London", and in *The Universal British Directory*, 1793, appears the entry of Robert Campbell, Upholder to their Majesties, Marylebone Street, Golden Square. Campbell is recorded as having patented his invention in 1774, and examples, both with and without his trade-label, are to be met with occasionally.

A variation of Campbell's design is shown in Fig. V. This table bears the trade label of Francis Hervé, of Lower John Street, Tottenham Court Road. In the *British Directory* of 1793 he is described as a "Cabriolet chairmaker", and accounts for chairs in the French manner supplied by Hervé to Countess Spencer are preserved at Althorp House.

The most popular and successful of the chair pattern is that made by Morgan and Sanders, Catherine Street, Strand, and illustrated in Ackerman's *Repository* of July, 1811. An example is shown in Figs. VI and VII. It lives up to the claims made for it 150 years ago, when it was said to be "the best and handsomest article ever yet invented, where two complete pieces of furniture are combined in one—an elegant and truly comfortable armchair and a set of library steps". With the aid of a seat squab the chair is certainly as comfortable as any other, and when unfolded as a set of steps it is surprisingly safe and steady.

Morgan and Sanders were prominent as furniture manufacturers at the beginning of the XIXth century. Their



Fig. V. Mahogany library-steps by Francis Hervé. Victoria and Albert Museum.

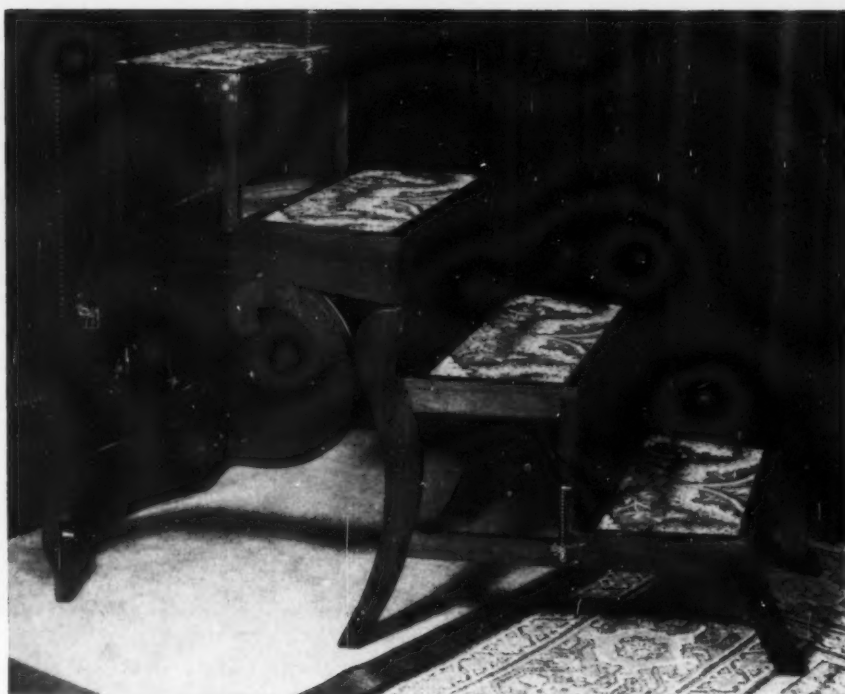


Fig. VI. The steps and chair shown opened.



Fig. VII. Mahogany library-steps and armchair by Morgan and Sanders.

handbills illustrate a number of ingenious pieces designed for easy transport, in which it seems they specialised. There are portable chairs, "a dozen of which pack in the space of two common Chairs"; sofa and chair beds, which open out and are transformed into Tent and Four-post bedsteads "with furniture and bedding complete"; and "patent brass screw bedsteads" which could be erected or dismantled quickly and easily without the aid of tools. A further production was the Imperial Dining-table, which was no larger than an ordinary Pembroke table, but could be extended to dine twenty or more persons. This had been demonstrated to the King and his daughters who expressed their "approbation & sanction of the same", but did not apparently place an order for one.

Furniture made especially to take to pieces for transportation was not particularly unusual at the time, and many makers must have supplied the big market for such articles. While much if it was made in England, an amount was copied painstakingly in the East for the use of returning travellers. Many of the numerous surviving brass-bound Military Chests and other pieces will be found to have been made from timbers that were more commonplace in India and other lands than in the British Isles, and were not imported in any appreciable quantities.

An unusual Transformation was the subject of a letter to the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1762 (Vol. 32, page 211). It reads as follows:

"Richmond, May, 7, 1762.

Mr. Urban,

Going from Bath (where I have often been for my health) to pay a visit at Bristol, on my arrival, I found the whole family engaged in a party to go and see a new invented piece of furniture, called the Deception, or Musical-desk and Book-case, so much spoken of by connoisseurs; I gladly joined the company to partake of what really proved a feast of pleasure to us all . . .

Its outward figure is that of an elegant desk and book-case made of choice mahogany. In the upper part are two looking-glass doors, crowned with a well-proportioned cornice

and scroll pediment, &c. and the whole structure most admirably well designed, carved and gilt.

The lower part consists of a commode desk, with several useful drawers, mounted with silver furniture richly chased, and so curiously inlay'd as not to be described even by words the best chosen.

The inward contents are judiciously adapted to gratify the ear, eye, and the understanding, for it not only contains a little library of books, neatly bound and letter'd, but an excellent fine-toned harpsichord, whose touch is remarkably good, (the movement being of an entire new invention). But our surprize was greatly heightened when we discovered behind the harpsichord a most complete little organ . . . (which) may be played together with the harpsichord, or each instrument separte . . .

Behind the doors in the upper part, instead of seeing a plain pannel to cover the silvering, is discovered a beautiful sham front of an organ, properly ornamented with trophies of music, and other emblematical figures, and, when opened, you are unexpectedly surprised with the sight of the library and harpsichord, which has also a very pretty aspect.

Over the keys are several little drawers, and over them are the pidgeon holes, with looking-glass fronts, bordered with fret-work, and ebony pillars between, and the whole so artfully placed, that the hands of the player, together with the keys are reflected in these glasses . . . ; and when the organ and harpsichord are not in use, you have the same conveniences for writing as on any other desk".

A further paragraph of fulsome praise is followed by the name of the letter-writer, Thomas Martin. The man who made this intricate piece of furniture has his name relegated to a mere footnote: "Mr. John Kemys, organ-builder, at the Great Hall, in King-street, Bristol". Most remarkable is the fact that no trace remains of this ingenious article, and there appears to be no other record of this enterprising Bristol organ-builder. In spite of the assertion that the Musical-desk was "so much spoken of by connoisseurs", it would seem that only Thomas Martin of Richmond committed his impressions to paper and the letter quoted above is all that remains of a most interesting piece of furniture.



The New House, Bembridge School. On the left are the Ruskin Galleries.

THE RUSKIN GALLERIES, BEMBRIDGE SCHOOL, ISLE OF WIGHT

By JAMES S. DEARDEN, *Curator*

THE Ruskin Collection at Bembridge and the Galleries which house it owe their existence to the enthusiasm and foresight of the late John Howard Whitehouse. Whitehouse was born in Birmingham in 1873. After commencing work for Cadbury Brothers at Bournville he continued his education by attending evening classes at Mason's College. Here he was introduced to the writings and teaching of John Ruskin. Whitehouse was a great organiser and never came into contact with new ideas without doing something about them. His interest in Ruskin inspired him in 1896 to found the Ruskin Society of Birmingham—just one of the half dozen similar societies in the country at that time. Such lecturers as Dean Farrar, F. J. Furnivall, Sir Michael Sadler, Canon Rawnsley and Sir Oliver Lodge were persuaded by Whitehouse to address the meetings of the society, which soon grew in membership to over 500.

John Ruskin's 80th birthday in 1899 brought the usual Victorian influx of illuminated addresses; the address sponsored by the Ruskin Society of Birmingham was subscribed to by most of the other brother societies and allied organisations which were inspired by The Master's teaching. The address was borne to Coniston by Whitehouse and William Wardle of the Liverpool society. We can read of the visit in Whitehouse's diary:

"7 Feb 1899. To Coniston to bear to Mr. Ruskin the National Address of congratulation promoted by the Ruskin Societies. I left Birmingham at 9 o'clock and reached Coniston at 4. I put up at the Dove Hotel and after tea I drove to Brantwood to arrange time of presenting the address on the morrow . . .

"8 Feb. The morning was fairly bright and clear and at 11 o'clock we started for Brantwood where we were politely received by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn. They explained that the Master felt equal to receiving us . . . We were then conducted to Mr. Ruskin's presence. He was dressed and sitting in an arm chair before a little table. As we entered he attempted to rise, but was evidently too feeble to do so.

We shook hands and I told him I was glad to hear he was so well. I then explained that we brought him a national address, and I read it to him . . . After he had looked at the address . . . he dictated to Mrs. Severn a reply . . . What most impressed me when I saw the Master were his wonderful eyes. They were blue and very clear and bright. When, during the reading of the address, I looked up at him, I found them fixed upon me as though he were searching me through and through . . ."

This was the only occasion on which Whitehouse met Ruskin; he next visited Coniston in the following winter to attend the Master's funeral.

Nothing was more natural for Whitehouse, who was a collector at heart, than to collect Ruskin's works. Whenever the opportunity occurred he would buy one of the Master's books, or letters, or pictures. After Ruskin's death, Brantwood, his home at Coniston, was inherited by Mr. and Mrs. Severn. They proceeded to break up the collection there—and Whitehouse was a willing buyer. By 1919, the centenary of Ruskin's birth, he had acquired quite an interesting collection and in this year was instrumental in forming the Ruskin Centenary Exhibition, held at Burlington House in the autumn.

1919 was also remarkable in that it saw the beginning of another Whitehouse experiment. The loss of his parliamentary seat in 1918 left him free at the age of 46 to embark on a new career. He had always been fascinated by youth and education and in May, 1919, he founded a public school for boys at Bembridge in the Isle of Wight. Here he was able to put into practice his educational theories, many of them advanced in their time but now generally accepted. He continued to run the school and see it flourish and grow from five boys in 1919 to 170 at his death in 1955.

By July, 1929, his Ruskin collection had outgrown the confines of his study and he started to build two galleries as an extension to the New House, recently designed for him by Baillie Scott. The galleries were intended not only

THE RUSKIN GALLERIES



A corner of the lower gallery shewing part of the cases containing books from Ruskin's own library.



Part of the upper gallery, shewing a few of the pictures.

to house his collection, but also to be beautiful rooms, furnished tastefully with fine things where the boys could enjoy the appreciation of first class design and workmanship. The galleries were formally opened on 19th November, 1930, by Albert Rutherston, master of the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford. In the course of his address, Rutherston said:

"... Your Warden (Whitehouse) has been inspired by far greater ideals than merely building these rooms. These rooms are the outcome of a life-long love of things spiritual and things belonging to the arts. He began to collect the contents of these rooms many years ago, and when the occasion comes they are furnished in a manner worthy of their architecture..."

The Brantwood dispersal sales of 1930-31 provided Whitehouse with further opportunities for enlarging his collection. In 1932 he bought Brantwood itself. To-day the house, which is open to the public, contains a large number of Ruskin's pictures and books together with much of his furniture. Additions were made to the Bembridge collection whenever possible, though the actual ownership of the collection had been handed over to the Education Trust, established by Whitehouse to accept financial responsibility for Bembridge School. To-day the collection of Ruskin's pictures, letters, manuscripts and books at Bembridge is the largest in the world.

The Galleries themselves comprise two rooms, each measuring 39 ft. x 21 ft. The Lower Gallery is furnished as a library containing books by and about Ruskin, together with many volumes from the Brantwood library. There is also an art section and a series of books by Whitehouse and his friends. The walls of the staircase and Upper Gallery are lined with pictures by Ruskin and his contemporaries. Here also is kept the bulk of the manuscript collection.

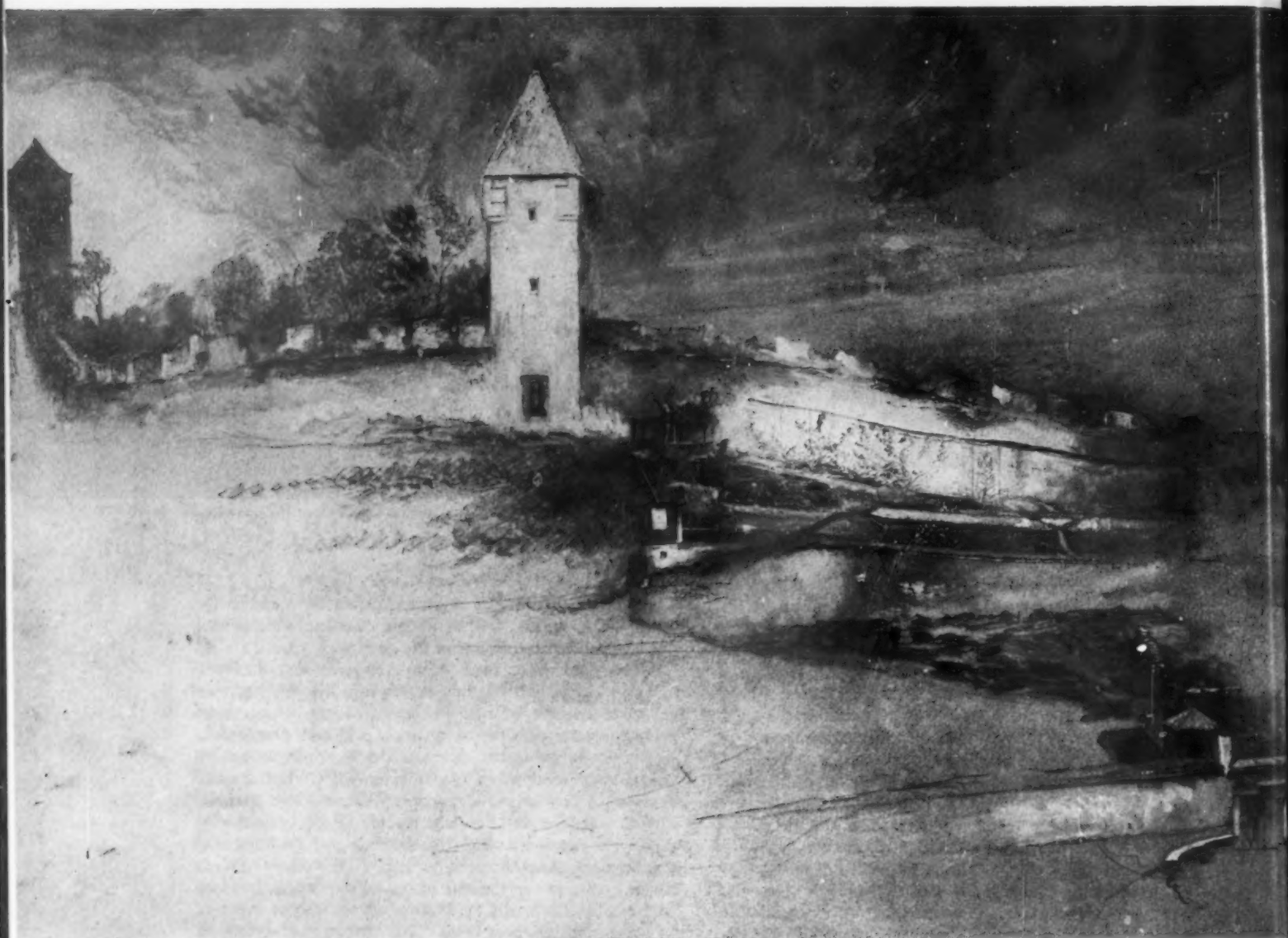
To illustrate the extent of the collection, some statistics may not be amiss. The Galleries contain upwards of 1,000 original pictures, most of them by Ruskin; some 6,500 letters of which about 5,000 are written by Ruskin; 114 complete or fragmentary manuscripts; 281 books from the library at Brantwood, with over 100 other association or inscribed

volumes. There are, in addition, copies of most of the books about Ruskin and an almost complete collection of the many different editions of his own works.

Ruskin's eminence as a writer has rather overshadowed his work as an artist: but during his life he made an enormous number of sketches and drawings. They were made primarily as a person to-day would take photographs—in order to remember scenes or details which caught his attention, or to illustrate a particular point which he was discussing in his books or lectures. This explains partially why so many of his drawings appear to be unfinished—they were never intended to be completed pictures, but simply notes. Another reason why Ruskin drew was to learn by copying—in the case of one of his earliest drawings in the collection, made in 1826-27 at the age of eight or nine and inscribed later in life "My first map of Italy", he wanted to remember the details of the country. When he was 10 or 11 he used his first sketch-book, now at Bembridge, and in it drew "My first tree from Nature, 1831", "Gateway of a college at Maidstone", corners of Dover and Tunbridge castles and the main tower of Canterbury Cathedral. Among the earliest finished pencil drawings are his very stylised Dover Castle and Battle Abbey.

By 1835 (aet 16), the year of his first important continental tour, he was making large numbers of pencil drawings in the style of Samuel Prout. This phase is represented in the collection by "Calais from the sea", "Street scene in Berne", "Church of St. Anastasia, Verona", and many others. Two copies after Prout's *Hôtels des Villes* at Brussels and Louvain, drawn about now, are fine pieces of work. The two British tours of 1837-38 produced another well-represented crop of drawings in which his own mannerisms begin to emerge. In the early 1840s he came under the influence of David Roberts' work, a style reflected in "Old Houses at Rouen" and the "Trevi Fountain at Rome".

1842 saw Ruskin's realisation that copying and imitating other people's styles did not constitute *seeing* nature and drawing what was really there. Henceforward he commenced a serious study of nature and the development of



"The Walls of Lucerne" by John Ruskin. Watercolour and bodycolour on blue paper.
14½ in. x 20¾ in., 1854.

his own style, clearly evident in "Mountain rock and alpine rose" (1844), "Venice—Casa d'Oro" (1845), "Mountains of Villeneuve" (1846), engraved for *Modern Painters*. The collection contains a mass of sketches and notes made in the 1850s for *Stones of Venice* which illustrate how clearly Ruskin saw what he drew. "The Walls of Lucerne" (1854), with its apparently disconnected pockets of detail, is a fine picture; the 1862 "View from Bonneville", has a remarkable three-dimensional effect.

Among Ruskin's copies from the old masters are Tintoretto's Adoration and Crucifixion, part of Veronese's Cuccina Family, and the charming group of roses from the dress of Spring in Botticelli's Primavera, which was later engraved and used as a vignette on the covers and title-pages of many of his books.

Drawings of Venice and Verona are well-represented in the collection as also are studies of minerals, flowers and trees. Another treasure is Ruskin's last sketch-book with his last (?) drawing—Langdale Pikes (1889).

The work of Ruskin's protégés and contemporary artists

is represented in examples by Millais, Burne-Jones, Fairfax Murray, Collingwood, Severn (Joseph, Arthur and Walter) and others. Here, too, are a number of portraits of Ruskin, and George Richmond's striking study of John James Ruskin.

Perhaps the most important item in the manuscript collection are the 29 volumes of the Diaries—all-important in the original form to Ruskin students and biographers. Here also are manuscripts and corrected proofs of *Stones of Venice*, *Modern Painters*, *Loves Mein'e*, *Notes on Turner's Drawings* (1878), *Bible of Amiens*, *Fors Clavigera*, *Bibliotheca Pastorum* and one or two fragments of the scarce *Praeterita* manuscript. An almost untapped source of material is contained in Ruskin's father's Account Books (1827-61) and Diaries (1835-64), with faltering notes made a few days before his death.

The wealth of the letter collection lies in the family correspondence. There are 84 letters from Ruskin's father to his wife and almost twice as many in reply, many containing notes and poems to his father written by the young John. One of these includes his "first" letter copied from the



"Mountain Rock and Alpine Rose", by John Ruskin. Pencil, pen and watercolour on white paper, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 1844.



"Venice: The Grand Canal", by John Ruskin. Pencil on white paper, 12 $\frac{7}{10}$ in. x 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

childish scrawl by Margaret Ruskin. Here are 267 letters from Ruskin to his father and 395 to his mother. John James's activities as a successful sherry importer are graphically illustrated by the file of correspondence with his partner Pedro Domecq. J.J.R.'s last two letters, described in *Praeterita*, are in the collection; so, too, is a letter from Ruskin's maternal grandmother to her daughter. Perhaps the most biographically-important series of letters in existence are the 2,900-odd written by Ruskin to his cousin Joan Severn between 1864 and 1895.

Much of Ruskin's early literary work was edited by W. H. Harrison; here is a long series of letters to him from father and son. Ruskin's later policy of attending to his own printing and publishing is represented by over 200 letters to George Allen, his publisher, and Henry Jowett, manager of Hazell, Watson and Viney's Printing Works. Space does not admit of details of other letters but passing mention must be made of several written by Ruskin just a few years before his death—all later than the so-called "last" letter. Here is, for instance, a pathetic note written at enormous expense of energy to Mary Gladstone on the death of her father in 1898:

"Dear Mary, I am so grieved at your having lost your father . . ."

There is little of bibliographical interest in the collection of books from Brantwood. Much of their value lies in their association interest and the copious notes and sketches made in them by Ruskin. A number were his father's: Reichard's *Itinerary of Italy*, used and annotated on their journeys, a two volumed Bible, the *Architectural Magazine* containing John's first serious articles entitled *The Poetry of Architecture*. Ruskin's own books include Cuvier's *Natural History*, Bekker's *Plato*, with the "Laws" annotated, a number of volumes used at Oxford, a Bible printed in Hebrew, *Friendship's Offering* (1835) containing his own poem, "*Salzburg*". Incunabula are represented by a 1485 *Astronomicum*, and *Dialogues of St. Gregory*. There is a small Italian illuminated manuscript from his collection and the 80th birthday address mentioned above; *Ethics of the Dust* inscribed to Swinburne, Lewis Carroll's copy of *Praeterita* with his signature on the fly-leaf, Rose la Touche's ivory-bound

prayer book and George Allen's copy of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, with part of the original manuscript bound in. Ruskin's favourite author, Scott, is represented by the 48 volume edition of the *Waverley Novels* and first editions of six novels. Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1869, is copiously annotated and Ruskin has stuck paper labels on to each volume to facilitate identification.

Most of the Ruskin relics formerly at Bembridge have recently been returned to Brantwood but a number of interesting things remain, including his grandfather's walking stick, his mother's gold pocket-watch and his own christening cup.

Towards the end of 1900 the plan to produce the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works was conceived. The first volume appeared in 1903 and the 39th and final one, nine years later. During this period, the editors, E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn, had most of the Ruskin manuscripts and letters at Brantwood and elsewhere copied in typescript. From these copies they made their selections for publication. Twenty-eight of these volumes of typescripts are at Bembridge. While much of this material is duplicated in the collection by the original manuscripts, there are several copies of unpublished manuscripts or fragments. Perhaps the most interesting item in this class is the copy of *Ileriad*, Ruskin's account of his Lake District Tour of 1830. Cook and Wedderburn published 969 lines of this poem, but their copy contains an additional 1,243 unpublished lines.

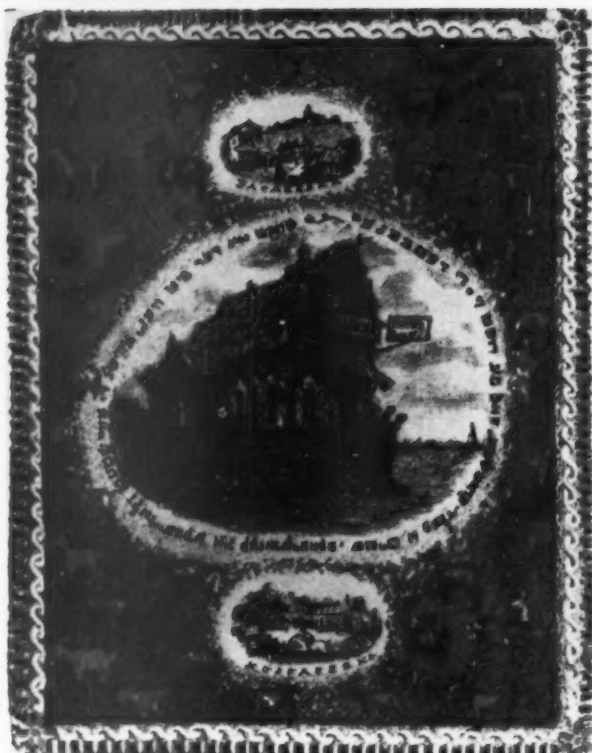
For the same purpose almost every Ruskin drawing at Brantwood was photographed but only a selection was published. A large bundle of these photographs is present in the collection.

Thus it may be seen that the Ruskin student who visits Bembridge has access not only to original manuscripts and pictures but to copies of many others which otherwise he may have to cross the Atlantic—or at least travel extensively in this country—to consult.

To describe any one part of the collection adequately would require more space than is available, but it is hoped that this brief survey has given some idea of the extent of the Ruskin Galleries at Bembridge, a monument to that great Victorian teacher John Ruskin and his disciple John Howard Whitehouse.



The Evening
from Volume I
of Tevia the
Milkman.



Between the little towns is an inn called 'The Oak', from Volume I of the Bewitched Tailor.



THE ANATOLI AT THE GROSVENOR

A ONE-MAN show of lithographs is a rare event. So is an exhibition of the work of Soviet artists. Now, at the Grosvenor Gallery, there is to be a one-man show of the work of a living Soviet lithographer, Anatoli Kaplan.

It is the logical outcome of the exhibition held last May and June at this same gallery, when the work of 27 Soviet artists from the Leningrad Graphics Laboratory was shown. That exhibition provided the West with its first opportunity to see a non-official exhibition from Russia, and its first chance to buy the works. The exhibition attracted much attention, and far from there being any sign of "Socialist realism", the lithographs were admired for their technical brilliance, their charm and gaiety, their colour and spontaneity, and above all for the glimpse of Russian life and culture in its fullest humanity.

The artist whose work had the greatest impact was Anatoli Kaplan. Eric Estorick, who directs the Grosvenor Gallery, and who was responsible for bringing over the Soviet lithographs, recognised the special quality of Kaplan. The result is this one-man show, which comes only a few months after the first exhibition.

The Kaplan exhibition consists of 131 lithographs, about half of them in black and white, and the majority illustrations of Sholem Aleichem and of Russian provincial life.

It is seldom that one finds work which is artistically so successful and at the same time pure social commentary. Even during the very difficult years for Jewish artists, he apparently continued to work in private. He has wisely, on the whole, concentrated on this theme—illustrating the stories of Sholem Aleichem and Yiddish folk songs and fairy tales. When he leaves this field, his work loses much of its richness.

His lithographs for Sholem Aleichem's *Kasrilovke* and landscapes around his early home in Byelorussia combine beauty and nostalgia with a sense of Jewish folklore, in a manner hardly ever achieved pictorially before. The Yiddish folk song illustrations and *Shir Hashirim* (Song of Songs) have a poignant delicacy of colouring, which shows how much Kaplan is at home with colour, although his major contribution is in black and white.

The exhibition is dominated by his illustrations to the stories of Sholem Aleichem, the great Russian chronicler. In "The Bewitched Tailor" his illustrations—of the poor tailor buying a goat which was barren and gave no milk—his death—the goat's death—and the subsequent court case against the goat's former owner, an Innkeeper—are so graphic and so vividly narrated that no text is needed. These illustrations, are embellished by "frames" of Yiddish calligraphy and heavy silver or gold ornamentation, and yet the misty grey vignettes are the focus of attention.

Equally, although the illustrations to "Tevia the Milkman" tell a less complete story in themselves, each one is an individual work of art. Some of the portraits are magnificent

KAPLAN SHOW

GALLERY

character studies. There are interesting contrasts between lithographs such as "On the Stock Exchange", a group of seemingly opulent men in bowler hats, and "by the Tailor's house", a small wooden house in driving rain, with a bedraggled goat standing in the mud before it. Sholem Aleichem's characters come to life in the works of Kaplan.

The 50 illustrations to "Tevia the Milkman" are also contained in two albums which have been specially prepared in an exclusive limited edition of 125 copies, for the Grosvenor Gallery. This would indeed be a rich gift, but some of them are also available singly and framed.

Kaplan was born in 1902 in a small town in Byelorussia, and spent his early life in the Jewish community there. He was at the Academy of Art, Leningrad, from 1921 to 1927, and he subsequently worked in the theatre for ten years—an influence which is visible in much of his work, particularly in the "Little Goat" series. He became a member of the Union of Soviet Artists in 1939, and is well known in Russia. He exhibits in Moscow and Leningrad, and his work has been bought by 18 Russian Museums.

Western museums which have acquired his work include the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Museum of Modern Art, New York, National Gallery, Washington, Philadelphia Museum of Modern Art, National Gallery of Canada, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, The Victoria and Albert, and others. It was in the thirties that he began to produce the prints which are at the core of his work, and some of this period is being seen here now.

Kaplan is frequently compared to Chagall, and he shares with him the magical qualities which infuse the work of Chagall. If Kaplan is less insistent than Chagall, his expression is richer. His illustrations have a poignance which touches the roots of human experience. There is a universal quality in his portraits, particularly of Jewish characters, which brings an immediate response and recognition.

In Kaplan's lithographs there is an element of realism rarely to be found. His later series, the "Little Goat" is pure folk-lore, experiments in rich and wonderful colour, and although highly decorative, even the cat-eats-kid, dog-eats-cat, stick-beats-dog fairy tale is not completely lost in the design.

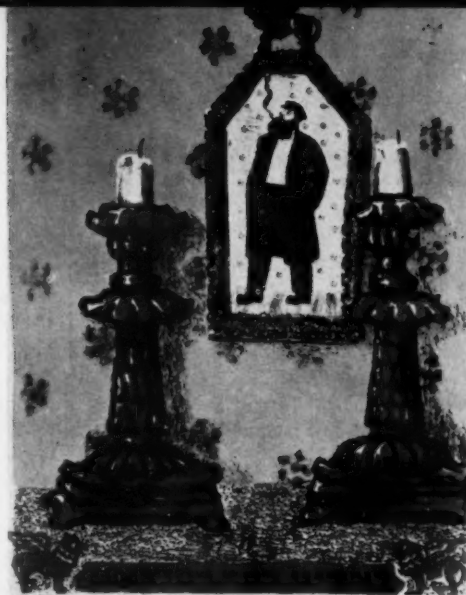
Once again, the Grosvenor Gallery is to be praised for providing this opportunity to see the work of this poet among artists, whose range of expression of the human emotions reminds us of the dignity of man amid its sorrow, and yet does not forget humour and pathos and gentleness. He does this with a technical accomplishment which surprises us with its range and its vitality. He uses black and white with a width of range of greys and subtlety rarely seen before in the art of a lithographer.

The exhibition, at the Grosvenor Gallery, 15 Davies Street, London, W.1, is open from 21 November to 31 December.

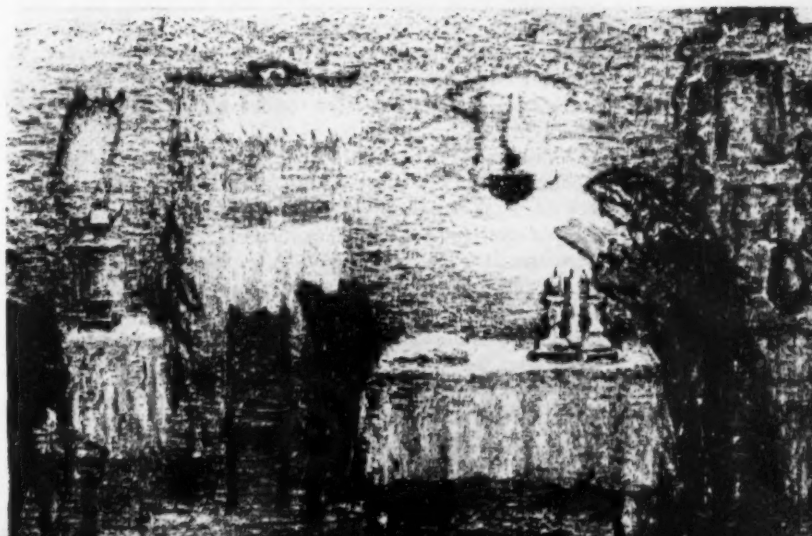
BELINDA POLLARD.

On the Eve of the Sabbath, from Volume II of Tevia the Milkman.

Dodye, the Innkeeper, from Volume I of the Bewitched Tailor.



Came an ox and drank the water, from The Little Goat.



OMAR RAMSDEN—ME FECIT

By ERIC DELIEB

THE English Silversmith has been justly renowned for his craftsmanship and virtuosity throughout the centuries. Whilst showing greater restraint in the conception of his designs than many of his foreign contemporaries, he imbued his masterpieces with a sense of purpose as well as with his customary charm. Even at his most exuberant, the English artist seemed mindful of the need for 'clarity of line' and tasteful enrichment.

It was inevitable, however, that certain exaggerated decorative influences should assail the simplicity of English design. The German and Dutch theses on decoration entailed the employment of a wealth of ornament. The English Silversmith, reluctant though he might be to enter into competition with the Masters of Nuremberg, Augsburg and Amsterdam, found himself committed to the prevalent fashion of repoussé acanthus-leaf and tulip foliate motifs, which gradually replaced the earlier delicate Moresque and Foliate scratch-engraving.

The arrival of the Huguenot Silversmiths brought even further departures from the clean utilitarian design of the Tudor, Jacobean and early Stuart periods. The somewhat later innovation of the Rococo mode of ornament, with its over-emphasis on heavy cast enrichment tended to complicate the subtlety of balanced design still further. With the introduction of the neo-classical Adam Style, this aberration came to a temporary standstill.

When the Adam period had come and gone, and the opulence of the Regency silversmiths had gradually waned, English Silver found itself in that unhappy state of vacuum during which the poverty in intellectual thought gives rise to a state of anarchy in the realms of the arts, and in which period all manner of grotesque theories are put to the test. The Victorians, in particular, were guilty of this offence of over-elaboration.

The design of English Silver in the second half of the XIXth century had degenerated in form to a mere simulation of classical motifs: massive Centrepieces were elaborately cast and chased with mythological and quasi-religious subjects; fantastically shaped Wine Ewers and Dishes were engulfed with coarse imitation embellishment in the Cellini manner. This nadir of design was in evidence in all the arts. Paintings and prints, while they were brilliantly executed, were overwhelmed with sentiment; furniture was smothered with unnecessary knops and balls, and ironwork and articles made of semi-precious metals were burdened with distorted ornament.

It became increasingly apparent that a Renaissance of the Arts was badly needed. Artists and designers who were preoccupied with this problem gathered together under the aegis of William Morris who was both a poet and a craftsman and who, in helping to found the Guild of Handicraft, laid the foundations of the restoration of Design to a balanced level.

As is true of all types of art, the first results of this collaboration were not entirely satisfactory. The Pre-Raphaelite Influence (as it came to be known) was more successful in the pictorial sphere, and Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Millais were some of the innovators of the new trend. The work in precious metals came under the scrutiny of Sir Alfred Gilbert, Edward Spencer and C. R. Ashbee, and their allegiance to William Morris's theories restricted their originality: the first specimens produced in the 'Art Nouveau'

style are ugly and lacking in balance. These craftsmen were obsessed with the need for new types of ornament, and their experiments were not always felicitous.

The founders of the Art Nouveau Movement were industrious in their search for new art motifs, and all manner of styles and enrichments were applied. Oxidised silver, enamels, ivory, mother-o-pearl and glass as well as blister-pearls and copper-applique were some of the materials employed. Ivy-leaf, mushroom and lily-motifs were incorporated into the designs. Under the guiding eye of William Morris the Guild of Craftsmen established themselves as the Craftsmen of the New Era, and a gradual but painfully slow renaissance developed.

This, then, was the setting in the late 1880's when Omar Ramsden was a young student at the Sheffield School of Arts and Crafts. He had been born in Sheffield in 1873. His father was a greengrocer who dabbled in design, and who later set up as an artist-craftsman. His mother came from a family of ivory cutters and dealers. Ramsden is remembered at the Sheffield School as a promising and progressive student. He studied as a silversmith, and while in his fourth year at the School he made a fine Civic Mace which is still on display. At the end of his studies he took a course in design at the Royal College of Art in Kensington, where he won several distinctions. He subsequently made a year's tour of Europe to study applied art of both ecclesiastical and secular form, and finally joined his father as an apprentice.

During Ramsden's period at the School in Sheffield, he met Alwyn Carr, also a native of that city. Carr was more dilettante in his approach to design; he came from an aristocratic background, and his later association with Ramsden, first as a 'sleeping partner' and then as a collaborator, was to prove a happy augury in the gradual transformation of Omar Ramsden, the ordinary silversmith to Omar Ramsden—Artist Goldsmith.

Omar Ramsden—the name is vaguely reminiscent of 'The Rubaiyat', although no-one who knew him in his early years can say with any certainty how he came to possess it. His baptismal name was Omer (which is probably a corruption of Homer), but at some period in his early development Ramsden fell under the influence of Eastern mysticism and this interest dominated his work. There is a vague rumour which is remembered by some of his early apprentices that he was named for an Arabian Sheik who had bestowed his favours on the Elder Ramsden; certainly his Studio off the Fulham Road was pervaded with 'an Arabian Nights atmosphere', but the story is probably only 'workshop talk'.

Ramsden's beginnings were very modest. He came to London at the beginning of the century, having previously registered his Mark at Goldsmiths' Hall (in partnership with Alwyn Carr) in 1898. Their first studio was a tumbledown shack by Chelsea and Fulham station, and they lived and worked there. Ramsden was the silversmith and designer, and Carr laboriously learned the craft of enamelling which was then becoming fashionable.

Their early work leans strongly on the Morris movement influence. The neo-Gothic, some say Japanese, preoccupation with angular lines and elaborate stone-set ornamentation appears strange and ugly to the modern eye which has become accustomed to clean flowing lines and subtlety of ornament; to the art-starved craftsmen of the late XIXth century



Fig. 1. Shallow Sweetmeat Dish, with finely cast Tudor Rose boss. Fully signed and dated: 1934.

Combined Flower and Fruit Bowl, formed as circular shallow bowl on col'let foot and with removable five-vase Centrepiece. Signed and dated: 1927.

Rectangular octagonal Tea-caddy, enriched throughout with light rope gadroon borders, and with engraved verse on applique band round the body: "Tea thou fragrant stream whereon the barque of friendship ever sails in gentle sunlit ease". Signed in Latin:

"Omar Ramsden et Alwyn Carr nos fecerunt", and dated 1908.

Two-handled Sweetmeat Bowl, the rim decorated with 'blister-effect' repoussé, and with ribbon, shield and wreath motifs on semi-precious stone-set handles. Signed and dated 1923.

Circular flat Sweetdish, with shaped heavily reeded rim and with entwined Leviathan Fish as central boss on a green enamelled ground, and in a rope-gadroon cartouche. Signed and dated 1934.

Courtesy of Delieb Antiques Ltd.

these innovations must have seemed the 'last word' in design, and the influence lasted until about 1910, when it was gradually developed as a new art-form.

Throughout his working life, Ramsden was to be somewhat of an enigma: although he had studied design, his sketches were primitive in the extreme, and the carefully prepared drawings which were submitted for the customers' approval, were in fact the work of William Maggs, who had been a cretonne designer before he became Ramsden's draughtsman. Again, although he had been a clever and industrious student, there is very little evidence that Ramsden ever again put his hand to the fashioning of a piece of silverware. He gradually built up a team of the finest craftsmen—enamellers, chasers and setters, lapidaries and miniaturists, and it was they who produced the great variety of articles which bore his famous signature.

The modelling for the elaborate finials and bosses as well as for many other superb masterpieces was executed by Robert Hewlett, who was also Ramsden's manager. Unlike other great craftsmen-designers, Matthew Boulton (whose workmen applied their identifying symbol to the piece) and Karl Fabergé (who instituted the 'Workmaster' system under which the maker's initials were applied), Ramsden did not subscribe to the practice of crediting his craftsmen with the creation of the masterpieces.

The financial side of the business, for it gradually became a very successful venture, was handled by Alwyn Carr. He and Ramsden worked together for twenty years. Carr joined the Artists' Rifles in 1914, and Ramsden carried on alone. He was evidently successful, as he designed and made a great many War Memorials and other fine commemorative pieces. Ramsden and Carr set up their business in a large house in

Seymour Walk, off the Fulham Road, and characteristically they named their Studio St. Dunstan's, after the Patron Saint of Goldsmiths. The studio was large and well designed; all the furnishings and fittings were produced by the firm's own craftsmen. Adjoining the studio were Ramsden and Carr's own quarters, and the workshop was not far away.

The firm eventually employed fourteen workers and apprentices, who included the distinguished contemporary designer-craftsmen L. W. Burt and Leslie Durbin. Mr. R. A. Massey, who is an Instructor at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, London, was also one of the early workmen under Ramsden.

Omar Ramsden registered his own Mark at Goldsmiths' Hall in 1918. Thenceforth, it appeared on all the pieces together with his famous signature *Omar Ramsden me fecit*. This neo-classical device appears originally on Roman relics, in which the piece itself is personified, and in Ramsden's instance, the article says: 'Omar Ramsden made me'. This signature varied greatly in its form—sometimes the inscription was in English—'I was wrought by Omar Ramsden' or, 'The Southern Railway had me wrought for Her Majesty the Queen to use'. When Ramsden and Carr were still partners, the signature might be in Latin: 'Omar Ramsden et Alwyn Carr nos fecerunt'.

Another very characteristic 'Ramsden-touch' was the employment of 'hammer-work' on the surfaces of the articles. Briefly, the method is as follows: normally, when an article is fashioned by hand, the hammer-marks are removed by the process of 'planishing' which entails the use of a special tool to smooth out the metal. Ramsden's process was to accentuate these 'hammer-marks' even further, and this brought an



Fig. II. Original design by Omar Ramsden for a Ciborium. The sketch prepared by William Maggs, circa 1930. The graceful proportions and the pleasing 'lines' are characteristic of Ramsden's later development.

Courtesy of Leslie G. Durbin, Esq.

Fig. III. Flower-vase and Stand, repoussé with the 'Chrysanthemum Motif' type of enrichment. The 'Hammer-work' effect can be clearly seen. This is one of the few examples of Ramsden's own work, and was wrought in 1900. Signed: Ramsden and Carr. The base is of marble.

Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London



added touch of emphasis to the surfaces—the facets of reflected light shone most becomingly. Where an article was finished in the ordinary manner (and a few specimens exist) it appeared quite insipid by comparison.

Ramsden was a superlative designer. Demands for his work came from unexpected quarters: he designed the wrought iron gates at the Old Bailey, and directed four celebrated Belgian blacksmiths in this work. He was greatly preoccupied with the design of Ecclesiastical Silver and furnishings. At one period he was working on Communion Plate for three Cathedrals—Bermuda, Colombo and Coventry—at the same time. He made Ceremonial Plate for Livery Companies, The Master Mariners' Chain of Office (executed by Robert Hewlett) was a particularly fine example of his work. He also produced much Presentation Plate for both private persons and Royalty—her late Majesty Queen Mary was one of his patrons.

To the general public, however, Ramsden is chiefly remembered for the great variety of finely produced articles—Goblets, Mazer-bowls and Tankards, Centrepieces and Dishes—to name but a few. He achieved a great vogue among the progressively minded young people of his day. Almost every public body commissioned his work. This fame was justly deserved: Ramsden's noble designs were executed by the finest craftsmen. No detail was considered too trivial: a Tudor Rose boss in the centre of a Rosewater Dish might be delightfully cast and chased, the enrichment on a beautifully turned maple-wood Mazer-bowl, whilst strongly reminiscent of the Mediaeval original, would be thoughtfully and delicately applied; the sheer weight of the metal employed in an article when ornamented with glowing enamels would verge on the magnificent.

Ramsden's genius was widely recognised. He was a

Liveryman of the Goldsmiths' Company, a founder-member of the Art Workers' Guild, and the Chairman of the Church Crafts League, to name but a few public institutions. His work was exhibited at Goldsmiths' Hall in 1938, and specimens of his productions are represented in museums all over the world.

Omar Ramsden—the Man, is even more elusive a subject to his biographer than Ramsden—the Silversmith. It is characteristic of the aura of his personality that, although he has been dead for only twenty-two years, the legend of his Life died with him. The Eastern influence in his work has been referred to earlier, there is little doubt that his theory of design exerted a powerful stimulus to other craftsmen of his era, and the new pleasant styles achieved by the designers of our own time are the evolution of Ramsden's thesis.

Little is known of his personal life. After a lifetime of association with Alwyn Carr, during which period they had both remained bachelors, Ramsden suddenly married a widow, Mrs. Annie Emily Berriffe, in 1927. The new Mrs. Ramsden proved to be an added and important influence to the fortunes of the firm, and under her watchful guidance the business prospered. She had two children by her earlier marriage, and their nursemaid, Mlle. Jeanne Etas, was recruited as the firm's secretary; she was also subsequently to become an accomplished enameller.

To his workmen, Ramsden was a dominant but fair employer. There was always an abundance of work, and the workshop was kept busy. Although he is remembered by his workmen as an ordinary man who came to work on a bicycle, and who dressed quite plainly, Ramsden's public image was far more exotic, and truly, he was a great 'showman' who knew how to display his craftsmanship to the best advantage. The annual displays at his Studio were elaborately staged,



Fig. IV. Pair heavy Shaped Salt-cellars with scrolling handles. Signed and dated 1936.
Plain surface Beaker on collet foot, engraved with crest. Signed and dated, 1931.
Pair rectangular panelled Salt-cellars with pierced foliate border and on tendril feet. Signed and dated, 1934.
Large 'St. Dunstan's' Presentation Spoon with finely modelled finial and Roman-type bowl. Inscribed: 'St. Dunstan, A.D. 950, Goldsmith—Archbishop. Unsigned, but dated 1920.

and a small orchestra accompanied the exhibition of the various masterpieces. Ramsden's relations with the National Press were always of the most cordial, and reports featuring his work frequently appeared.

To the impartial observer, Omar Ramsden stands out as a designer of genius in an art-impooverished age. He was a fearless innovator, and he possessed a mature conception of the limitations of his Craft. He died childless in August, 1939, at the early age of sixty-six. On the outbreak of war, the majority of the firm's craftsmen were drafted into the

Sweetmeat Bowl with sexagonal rim and berry finials. On three foliate feet and with light gadroon band round body. Signed and dated 1921.
Spool-shaped Inkpot in the late 'Art Nouveau' manner, on scroll supports and set with jade ornament in lid. Signed: Omar Ramsden et Almy Carr me fecerunt. Dated 1917.

Courtesy of Delieb Antiques Ltd.

The spoon appears by courtesy of Leslie G. Durbin, Esq.

Aircraft Industry, and Mrs. Ramsden felt unable to carry on. Thus, after over forty years of unparalleled service to The Arts, the firm of Omar Ramsden—Artist Goldsmith, which had so greatly shaped the true 'Art Nouveau', died together with its great Master.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The writer gratefully acknowledges the valuable information and assistance which he has received from the following:
Mr. Graham Hughes of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.
Mr. Leslie G. Durbin.
Mr. L. W. Burt.
The Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

FORCES AGAINST DISORDER

By JEROME MELLQUIST

SEVERAL shows in Paris invoke forces against disorder. Mark Tobey, in his one-man retrospective at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, would appeal to Infinity. He possesses a penchant for the mystical and would so order his material as to constitute it a vehicle against dissolution. Bram van Velde, at Galerie Knoedler, makes art itself the agent of unity and provokes a communion with other men by wheeling about in a canvas as if to find a compassion capable of infusing beholders with a covert fraternity he hardly allows himself to express. The Venice Biennale laureate, the sculptor Mastroianni (Galerie de France), reacts to disturbance by himself becoming agitated. Yet he does not overlook present dangers in such a work as "Hiroshima", and its very ardour would warn against further encouragement to catastrophe. Elsewhere, still other individuals, merely by their bent to shape, polish and *cohere*, provide the contrary to a din that otherwise might seem threatening. All such, then, stand against the chaos they are contemplating.

Tobey might be called a Spokesman of Alarm. But if so, this expansive show on the rue de Rivoli should be examined to see how he became the devotee of the meta-physical in art. Tobey originates from Wisconsin (U.S.A.), where he was born in 1890. It is a pleasant land and probably accounts for his root in nature. His father, descendant of Englishmen who had come to Massachusetts, did not prosper and the family migrated about as if to emulate the footless Huckleberry Finn. Eventually, after a spell in the South, they settled at Hammond, Indiana, a smoky suburb of Chicago. There Tobey did high-school, consumed his books, penned a diary, drew tirelessly and developed such a passion for nature as to become an amateur plant-specialist. This further stood with an eye that could note the salmon tones at sunset. Money-shortage ended his schooling. He worked fitfully. At last, drawing incessantly, he trudged weekly to a class at the Chicago Art Institute. Later, his family having moved to the prairie metropolis, he devoted

himself to art-correspondence courses, as had a brother. Presently, he ground out illustrations for a publisher and did fashion-designs, being so well paid that by 1911 he could depart for New York. He did not attach himself to the city, though he well remembered the injunction of a friend Wymer Mills—"Why copy? Don't play the ape." Gravitating back to Chicago, Tobey listened to the tocsins set up when the Armory Show planted its tent there after the New York stand. He returned to Manhattan from 1913 to 1919 and excelled as a portraitist who, it has been alleged, might have become a Sargent. Other paintings he did secretly, trying to arrive at an idiom suitable to what William James has called "the itch for unity". Then he adhered to the cult of Bahia with its claim to be an overbridge, as it were, to other faiths. It liberated him. Or rather, would somehow supply an aesthetic lever he needed. He even has recalled that in 1920 the crawl of a fly suggested how he himself might graze a canvas and leave there his tracks. He wandered much. Seattle attracted him and he often resided here from 1922 to 1930, though he had a European interlude. Later, invited to England by the patroness Lady Elmhirst, he did a whole series of drawings on her estate at Dartington Hall (1934). He even travelled to China, finding there a former Seattle friend Ting Kwei, who did much to initiate him in calligraphy. He also steeped himself in Zen-Buddhism—long before its post-1945 notoriety, by the way. Meanwhile, the indefatigable and meticulous toiler, he spun out his days in painting, attempting, one might say, to unravel an endless skein. At last he evolved his so-called "white writing", a continuous skirl of lines whereby a whole canvas is created. Exhibited at the Marian Willard Gallery at New York in 1944, this immediately made Tobey a celebrity. Why? Because he seemed to amalgamate both East and West in his findings. He himself thought, no doubt, to locate men in some new high brotherhood. But what he did was to transport them by a fresh aesthetic.

Looking at the Paris show—and 287 works must be regarded as a lot insufficiently sifted—Tobey somehow communicates a curious sense of standing *above* his subjects. Thus does he render a fish-market tiny, a skyscraper even reduced, a Broadway flurry some mere notation of specks at night. At the same time he *identifies* these specks.

Tobey experiments much. A restlessness inhabits him. He has, at his best, contrived block-like planes, setting them at a bias to a virtual forefront stage. These works strangely suggest Egyptian tombs. Though not large, they possess such a scale as sometimes to appear enormous. Again, when his mood is right, Tobey's effect is pellucid—frost might have written upon his window-pane, or some rare agate have been pierced by his eye. I also found some of his unadmitted pastorals impressive. He never has lost, in short, a rural touch. And his family? Despite obvious links to Klee and the Orient, I would place him among such Western visionaries as William Blake or the American Albert Pinkham Rydes. Fortunately he remains more supple plastically than they. He sometimes falters. Not always does his tone chime with the bell-like ring he would seek. Yet when it does, he creates an unexampled minor music. Call him the Master of the String Quartet. One can only regret that the Paris show would play him as a Beethoven. But this can be corrected on a later occasion.

Possibly, if his story were fully known, Bram van Velde's career might have been as checkered with vicissitude as Mark Tobey's. But his meditation, if any, has been accomplished by confronting an icy solitude. What remains remarkable is that he has thawed it by some implacable Northern sun. One suspects spiritual trials in this work. And his is no

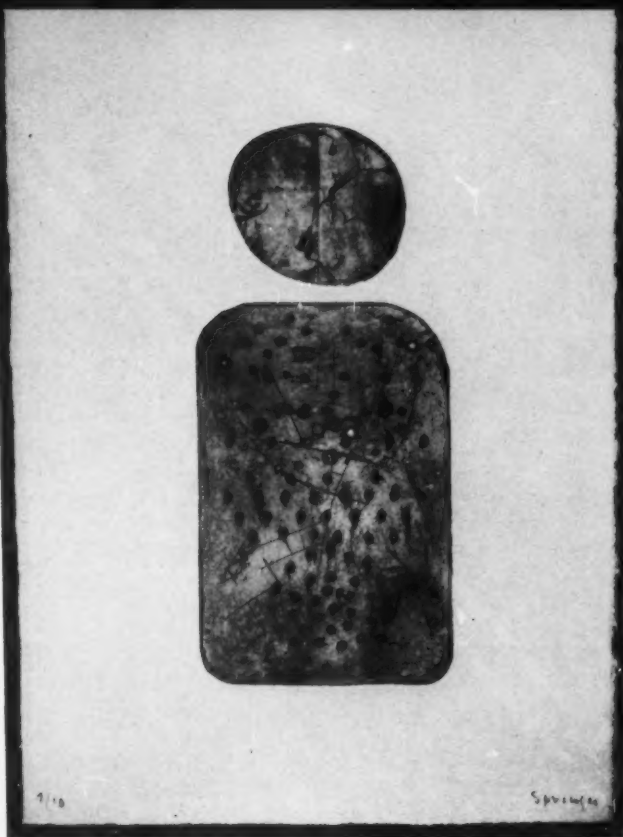
solar ecstasy. He plants men upon the earth, an earth he himself has dug, one senses, with naked and bleeding hands. All this as a peroration to an almost hidden life.

Its externals nearly summarize themselves. Born Dutch in 1895, he sprang from a family of dimmest poverty. No clergymen there, as with Van Gogh; no stretching line of semi-professional or business folk. Only the barrows where the poor are nurtured. But he soon attested his desire to paint. In 1922 he left Holland for the North German town of Worpswede, a focus for Expressionists and thus right for one who thought he might be attuned to their coarse strings. Soon newspapers in Bremen and Hamburg discussed him in articles. He installed himself at Paris and first unfolded, artistically, as a later, if more brusque, adherent of Fauvism. Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits abounded, and it has been remarked by Georges Duthuit, authority on this particular movement, that these should long since have assured him a niche as such. Led by obscure impulses, perhaps largely pecuniary, he proceeded to Majorca in 1932, but retreated to Paris at the outbreak of the Spanish War. After France capitulated to the Germans he experienced such deprivation as actually to stop his painting-production. Some say he slept in garages. However that may be, he resumed the effort and exhibited at the Galerie de Mai (Paris) in 1945. Samuel Beckett, once Joyce's secretary, had the perspicacity to praise him. Shows at Galerie Maeght followed. But only after exhibitions under Franz Meyer, at the Berne Kunsthalle, and Sandberg, at Amsterdam, did he begin to impose his personality. Today his show is infested by the younger painters. Do they learn from his technique? I doubt it. They are, it would appear, attracted by another compulsion.

For here is a haunted man in the line of Van Gogh. Even his first pictures show it. Infinitely touching is the "Paysage de Neige" (1923)—gaunt peasants peering from a snow-packed road, and a village nestling in the distance. Did he, in this cold temperature, recall his Dutch *polders*? Whatever the reply, he still adhered to a carved rudeness in his figures. They might indeed have stepped from a picture by de Smet or Heckel. Then—and again a parallel to Van Gogh—radiance invests his canvases under the sky of France. Except that, unlike his predecessor, he proceeds from the slashings and abrasions of the Fauves when they were at their most intemperate (and their best). Still-lifes multiplied. He developed a circular motion, almost, one is persuaded, as if he had been thrust into a vast churn. This was inescapable in the compositions just prior to the Second World War. A *souçon* of Picasso is equally unavoidable. However, he had ousted both influence and literal subject-matter in the subsequent output. I would say, though, that something of landscape lingers in at least one of the later works.

Particularly curious in this art is the sense of disorder, as someone has said, under a bigger order. Truly, Bram van Velde has grappled with the *néant*. And he stands victor in the encounter. In composition, perhaps, he does not intrigue. He restricts his colour-gamut. Unaccountably it often suggests some basis in blue—precisely as if he continuously eyed the sea. A unique mariner here, and one whose log is worth the "reading".

One who emerges from a lesser hurricane is Camille Bryen, a persistently various painter-poet who has been exhibiting at the Galerie Raymonde Casenave. Bryen apparently blows his particles into the air. They toss like untethered kites, jerked about by the wind of his disposition. Previously he resorted to vegetal or integumental material in his subjects; now he finds transparencies across the light. Or at times a crystallization takes place, until sailing cubes



SPRINGER : Reflets, engraving. Galerie la Hune.

would seem to be his deposit. But he has the airiness of one who might be perpetually whistling. Altogether a delight.

I would also recommend the black-and-white fashionings of Springer (Librairie la Hune). He files patiently at his gravure. Never, so to speak, a pointless stroke. Possibly from proximity to the Mediterranean, often he appears to transport polished pebbles into his sheets. They should last because they have a certain perdurability.



CAMILLE BRYEN : Composition, Black and White. Galerie Raymond Casenave.



MASTROIANNI : Bronze, 1958. Galerie de France.

As a *trait d'union* to the Italians exhibiting in Paris, one might pause at that Franco-Italian manifestation biannually presented at Turin under its museum's capable Conservateur Dr. Viale. "Pittori d'Oggi", as it is named, shepherds together a responsible choice from both countries, M. Jacques Lassaigue dispatching the *envoi* from France. This year Campigli, who resides in Paris, and Balthus, Director of the Institut Français in Rome, dominated. Campigli "transported" well, but Balthus still seemed, as before, to be chained to some damp recess from which he cannot emerge. More compelling, I thought, were such contributors as Bissière, Borès, Capogrossi, Magnelli, both van Veldes (Geer and Bram), as well as that intransigent sculptor Moryce Lipsi.

As for Mastroianni and his Paris exhibit, this betrayed islands of rest despite his storms, by comparison with five years ago. Some object to his shiny smoothings amidst roughness, but they can also be appreciated for a colouristic intention. Not so his out-and-out coloured arrangements, emphasizing, as they do, what he better impacts into his sculpture. Possibly Mastroianni's principal attraction is that he marks a meeting between some more furious Futurism and the northern outlook of an Expressionist. In any case, he is pronounced as a personality. His fellow-Turinois Ferrabini (Galerie Simone Badinier) demonstrated greater homogeneity than before. His shapes are more artful, his thrusts more central, his intentions more exact. He has advanced.

A full harvest of hope, one might call it. Whatever their ultimate place, these men are pronouncing necessary syllables. As such, they promote a counteraction against disorder.



MONIQUE
JOURNOD :
Les Chevaliers
devant la Cité,
32 x 40 ins.

PIERRE
LELONG :
Marseilles,
28½ x 36½ ins.



TWENTY-SIX MODERN PAINTERS FROM FRANCE

"AUTUMN INTERLUDE" AT FROST & REED

By P. M. T. SHELDON-WILLIAMS

FOR over twenty years people have been asking who are the painters to replace the big men of modern art, already so sadly decimated by recent deaths. The French believe they have the answer. Galleries and dealers have been determinedly grooming protégés for stardom and loosely referring to them under the all-embracing label of the Ecole de Paris. But are they so wrong? Paris accepts young painters of merit provided that they sever connection with their place of origin and agree to either work or live in Paris. Most of these young men find it convenient to spend their early days of training either in Paris or at least in France. The Écoles des Beaux-Arts in all parts of the country testify to the enormous demand there is for these studies. For their part, the professors (often important painters in their own right) put their pupils through a gruelling training from which the best emerge full-fledged and ready to start their careers as artists, and where better than in Paris?

Many dealers and gallery owners expect new painters to fall into their laps (they sometimes do), but the more businesslike carry out investigations in search of potential genius. Mr. Wade of Frost & Reed, for instance, makes a series of sorties into France each year. His purpose? To discover who the new names are and how their careers are progressing. The fruits of his most recent visits are now on view at the Frost & Reed Gallery in New Bond Street.

Not all of those shewn are unfamiliar. Jean Dufy, Venard and Baboulene are well known in Britain. Many of the others have been shewn at Frost & Reed's Gallery before, but Bauchesne (*Village de Pêcheurs*), Fabien (*Les Oliviers*), and a small painting of a nude—a mass of golden light, Journod (*Cavaliers devant la Cité*) and Ruolle (*La Tente des Clowns*, and *Faux Départ*) are newcomers to Britain and will excite some lively comment.

Fifty-one paintings from the studios of painters who have proved themselves in the teeth of the fiercest competition—the art world of Paris—will be vying this season with the Christmas decorations and the most earnest shopping entreaties from every window the length of Bond Street and, for that matter, throughout the West End, but the Christmas trade will find it hard to match the explosion of colour on

exhibition from Paris. Outside the streets may be wintry and wet under foot, but canvases like Lelong's *Marseilles* where every stroke of the brush is an invitation of Mediterranean summer or Jean Dufy's *Cirque Chevaux* (like a dream circus where colours are twice as bright and the horses are more noble than they could ever be in real life)—pictures like these transform the London scene and leave November fog and the traditions of an English December in a limbo outside the Gallery's demesne.

Nearly all these painters are trained professionals. They differ in style—it would be hard to confuse the cool clean landscape colours of Passet's pictures of Brittany with the dramatic tension of Lecoutre's *L'Entricien*. Nearly all of them are prizewinners with paintings in state museums, and with an important list of commissions to their credit. Some, who should be better known here, are big commercial successes in France. Palmeiro, represented by *Marine*, *Coin du Port à Corrida* and *Nature Morte à la Cruche*, already has examples of his work in museums in France and America and Glasgow. His gouache blues set off by urgent reds are well suited to the rough texture of his pigment. Claude Schurr, too, who has led a career of constant twists and turns in seeking to evolve a style that meets his expert but exacting demands, has a long line of successes in the United States and Scandinavia, besides his native France. We see him here, seemingly at peace with one of his latest canvases "Guilvinic". Mouly, another painter much in



JOSÉ PALMEIRO : *Marine*, 21½ x 27½ ins.

TWENTY-SIX MODERN PAINTERS

demand in France, has had exhibitions in London. He has two of his latest paintings *La Lagune* and *Les Grands Carrelets*, typical of his marine pictures where sky, sea, boats and a watery wandering sun are all caught in a patchwork of fruit salad and grey colours. Less familiar to British viewers is the work of Ottaviano, an artist who sees an impressive—yet slightly sinister—beauty in the shipyard or the enormous building site. *Le Monstre Rouge* is like some mammalian Gulliver pinned down by Lilliputian shipbuilders whose pins and strings can hardly be expected to hold the red brute for long. Such paintings would grace any boardroom or the head office of a civil engineering company.

The elements of the exhibition are nearly all of Latin origin. France is supported by emigrés from Spain and Italy. Kluge alone comes from the North. France's ties with the Orient are represented by Le Ba Dang (paintings with a coppery magic as acceptable in an archaeological museum as in a modern art gallery) and Vu Cao Dam who was born in North Viet-nam and paints in a Western idiom pictures whose composition and colouring betray his Eastern birth.

Cassanella, with a study of a *Pierrot*, is another Italian, a Milanese, who has taken part in the Venice Biennale; well known in Florence as well as Venice. *Pierrot* is not unlike a Rouault lithograph in appearance. The oil paint has been applied with a lightheanded panache, so that the blacks and browns are as rich as one could wish from lithographic crayons. Too soft for Rouault, and yet not sentimental enough for comparison with Picasso's son in clown costume, this canvas has an expert charm which should disarm British suspicion of 'cleverness'.

The diversity of the École de Paris is borne out by the presence of Guérin, a modern, primitive, whose canvas of the Battle of Waterloo appears at first sight to be a childlike interpretation of a complicated military manoeuvre. Closer inspection proves that, far from being the artistic innocent he initially appears, Guérin is a painter with a careful and sophisticated control of brush and pigment. Such paintings are not a pictorial exercise in playing soldiers, they are evidence of a gifted painter at work upon a complicated subject, made more difficult by his determination to see it through the 'innocent eye'.

One of the discoveries imported specially for this exhibition is Ruolle. This young painter will no doubt be the source of much aesthetic debate. Ruolle has chic, he has dash, and he has formidable elegance. There are sure to be those who will say that to achieve such effects with ap-

parent ease can only denote a facile style, but in answer to such a charge—why the deliberate kaleidoscopic jigsaw composition? Why not simply produce a series of celluloid beauties to grace the colour pages of *Vogue* and *Harpers*? The truth is that Ruolle has too much to impart (and if he achieves his objects without 'remors', why should one cavil at that?) for him to seek the easy plushy way out of his problems. Side by side with his gliding hand march the demands of his mind, calling for esprit to surcharge charm, mystery to underline his mastery of chiaroscuro. And what a colourist!

Godard and Michel Henry are not embarrassed by a superfluity of charm. Powder colour in pinks, mauves, emeralds, and boudoir blues make confections of Godard's thickly painted still lifes. A good one in this exhibition. Michel Henry uses plenty of pure colour (he has an enthusiasm for orange) to demonstrate his joie de vivre. Flowers, fruit (in this collection *Le Poisson Rouge* and *Cannes*) are all grist to his mill. His pigment is swept on to canvas with romantic fervour but, true to the École de Paris, a Latin logical control rules his enthusiasm so that his composition is properly co-ordinated, calculated to impress the most exacting traditionalist.

Pradier, too, has natural zest. He gives to *Les Iris* the feeling that here is the epitome of the iris carried out lovingly in rich pigment lozenges from a skilfully handled palette knife. The cascade of green that enfolds the blooms is like a waterfall of paint.

Voyet, Charon, Eitel, and Gautiez are more peaceful. All four paint the French scene. Voyet, the richly glazed flats of water and walls and bridges. Charon, a thin squared pointillism in quiet immobile colours. Eitel, the level stretches of the oysterbeds, beautifully composed in the tradition of Brayer, Humblot and Chapelain-Midy. And Gautiez—*Marine à Gravelines*, a picture of such gentle dulcet atmosphere that it exudes silence and withdrawal from mid-twentieth bustle.

The same calm unworldliness, but from a different context—is found in *Fille avec Tableaux*, whose doll-like figure serenely commands the atelier. Luis Molné, her creator (see reproduction in *APOLLO*, November, 1961) is a close friend of Clavé, with whom he has much in common. Molné numbers the Prince of Monaco among his patrons. A Molné painting with its lush dark hues has a natural frame in the luxe surroundings of Monte Carlo.

There remain the 11 Venards. These are the subject of a special article on page 203.

For the uninitiated the Frost & Reed exhibition is an introduction to Modern Art without tears. For others it is an interesting cross section of the painters the French art market believes will succeed. Each may back his fancy.

MARCEL MOULY : *Les Grands Carrelets*, 29 x 29 ins.

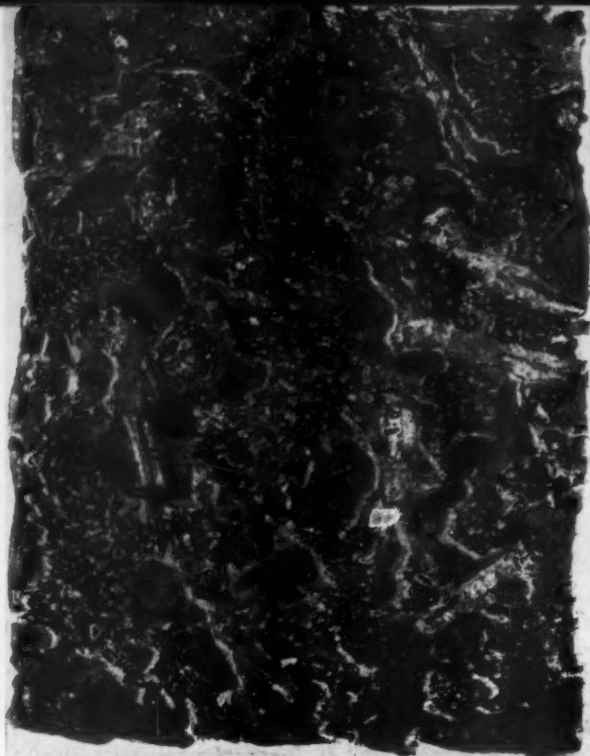


GAUTIEZ : *Marine à Gravelines*, 25½ x 39½ ins.





CESAR : Composition. Collage.



DUBUFFET : Peuplement des Terres.

THE STONE AGE

THE XIXth century discovery of the lithograph was a reproductive thing that knew nothing of the strange magic of the burin or the low relief lines and runes of Picasso and—in more audacious fashion—Tapiés. How could Daumier and Lautrec foresee the double printings of black which give so much modern lithography its velvet depths? Yet there are probably many who repine, who remember the old days when every artist was his own lithographer, instead of, as now, giving the expert his instructions and then graciously signing the finished product in its limited edition. The artificiality of employing a middleman, however expert, appals them.

A visit to the Redfern Gallery where 2,000 modern lithographs have been collected for exhibition will cut a deep swathe through such criticism. If the artists no longer process their own works, no harm has been done in their abdication of responsibility. Quite the contrary. From the hands of independent professional lithographers we, the public, are the recipients of a flood of minor (and major) masterpieces we would in the main never have seen if the painters had carried on the purist tradition.

In approximately three months Mr. Rex Nan Kivell has collected together the 1,618 works listed in the catalogue—from stock, from the painters themselves, their dealers and the owners of other galleries—so as to form an illustration of his own personal choice. Or very nearly. Works by several artists have been included in deference to popular taste, but it would be invidious to single them out for mention. (The balance of the 2,000 can be seen on enquiry.)

By far the majority of those on show can be listed as non-figurative in the broad sense of the word, but an austere decision to make this category definitive would have meant leaving out Picasso, Chagall, Marie Laurencin and many other contemporary giants whose absence in such a display of modern art would be absurd. Nevertheless, the Brianchon, Minaux, Masson and Lhote are few and far

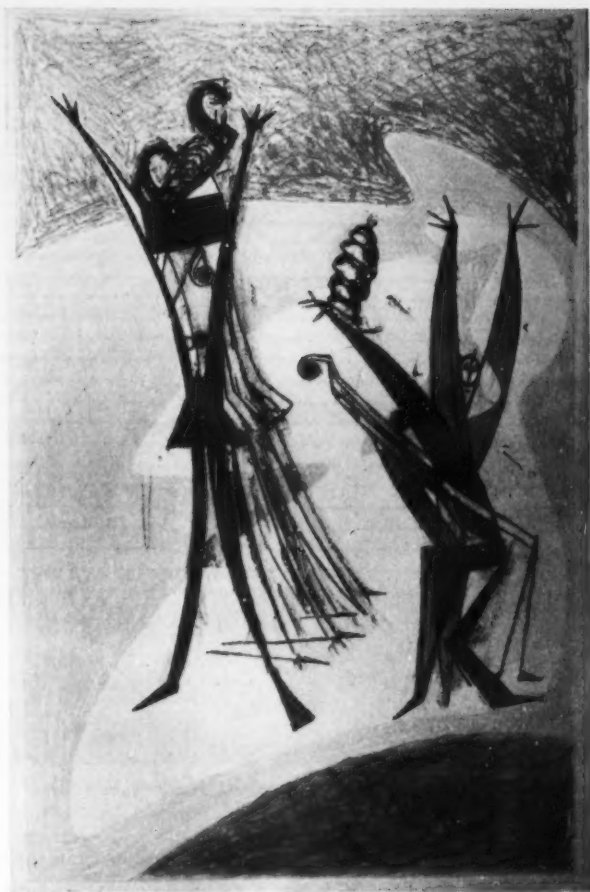
between, even though there is a large assortment of Matisse, and Raoul Dufy is fully represented.

The difficulty must have been knowing where to stop as the number of works mounted. As it is, the exhibition will be subject to change during the two months of its duration. It will thus be possible to visit it several times and see a completely different show on each occasion.

It is virtually impossible to deal fairly with the exhibition of 92 artists in a review of almost any length, short of a book. The notes which follow must serve purely as an appetiser which I hope will convince any sceptics that this is a great exhibition and not some kind of print bazaar.

There are, for instance, a group of nine Campiglis. For his admirers, these are a welcome inclusion. A lovely de Kermadec—a *Construction* coloured in lilacs and mauves. There is a splendid collection of works by Esteve—a painter not seen often enough in this country—20 in all. The *Composition II* (2ième series) is priced at only 8 gns.; which gives one an excuse to remind all would-be collectors that there is probably no gallery in London which is not prepared to come to terms to satisfy the most impecunious.

Figurative portraits are as opposing in nature as the head of a torero by Bernard Buffet and an early melange of profiles by Ben Nicholson, the former another modish example of the darling of the Right Bank, the latter a timely reminder of the early Ben Nicholson before he turned to squares and circles, before good taste took control and sent him on his way to the Guggenheim award. Max Ernst, whose work collectors are beginning to find has a timeless quality (it is becoming increasingly difficult to date because he returns to motifs long abandoned and creates a whole new series around them), has a coloured frottage which has been used for the catalogue cover. For one with such a fertile imagination and nimble wit, it seems strange that there should be untitled lithographs by him (when asked for the title of the painting he was sending to the art sale on



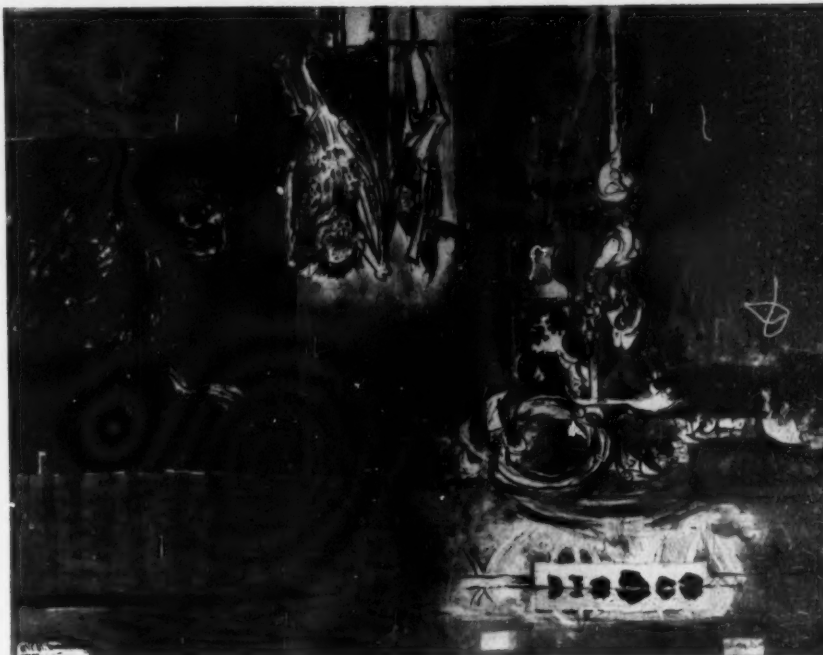
MAX ERNST : Les Insectes.

behalf of Spanish political prisoners at Bonhams, he replied "The picture is called 'A very beautiful picture'"). *Les Insectes*, for instance, is not his name for an amusing and dramatic subject with strange relationships that could include Klee, Masson, and Wilfredo Lam. Three Lanskoys demonstrate this great colourist's important position in modern painting. The blues and reds of Sam Francis seem too like his canvases—lithographs should be able to exist in their own right—to be of much moment unless all that is required is Francis at a cheap rate; one of the gaudier Americans, it is hard to understand why he has achieved such a vogue with British collectors.

Another painter who has reproduced himself in lithograph is Fontana—offering a viridian green square with two black slashes across its surface—but by some technical freak where the lithograph could not reproduce the actual rape of the canvas it has in an optical illusion created a dramatic shock of the same register if not greater. If I was Fontana, this would worry me. Hartung enthusiasts have 19 lithographs and aquatints from which to choose in a price range between 5 and 50 gns., all of them of recent vintage. I looked in vain for any of the tantalising linear tangles he produced in the thirties.

Cesar is well represented by examples of his 'screen' compositions, surely the most exquisite form of abstract graphic work. These extra 'informal' inventions must be the perfect introduction to abstract art, wholly acceptable and replete with luxurious undertones.

To travel in time from his portrait of *Somerset Maugham*



GRAHAM SUTHERLAND : Hanging forms, Bats and Owl.

(a lithograph study here) to Sutherland's *Hanging Forms with Owl* is to realise how the release from formal abstraction has plunged the artist into a nightmare world whose old men, cartoons for Coventry Cathedral and charnel houses prove, if proof were necessary, that the recesses of the British mind are a murky domain fanciful enough to make any thoroughgoing surrealist plunge in, even if he had never seen Bacon's screaming Popes. Mediaeval misericords up and down the country bear out this evidence, and indeed the humpback owl in Sutherland's cochemar is reminiscent of the armrest of a bishop's throne. Clavé's *Two Kings* (surely from the same period in history) seem playful in contrast.

The English take their horrors as seriously as the Germans. Witness their happy collusion during the Gothic Revival. Clavé, even with a Spanish background of wailing bulls and the vulgar cruelty of Carmen, can mock his royalty. The same macabre humour (especially in their topsy-turvy presentation) exists in Dubuffet's *Peuplement des Terres*, creatures of Science Fiction engaged in a lively existence—upside-down—in Dubuffet's subterranean and unyielding matiere; a grim forecast of our own 'shelter' future?

Marini's Horse-and-Rider theme appears in fifteen different versions. Nothing will compensate graphically for the headlong fling as the heavy horseman falls from his sculptured steed, but Marini is an intriguing draughtsman, creating and experimenting in line, chalk and pigment, where bronze and plaster cannot go. Compare him with Greco who cannot resist giving his sitters an Elizabeth Arden treatment in his drawings, the treatment that he has just sufficient judgement to deny them in sculpture. Marini creates on paper, Greco alienates (all that hairline hatchment which filled a Salle in the Musée Rodin this summer, but which must grieve his devotees).

The lithograph has come of age. We live in marvellous times when for the price of a few guineas we can have an original work by the world's greatest, even if the processing is no longer a personal matter. If you have any doubts, see the artifacts of the newest stone age at the Redfern Gallery for yourselves.

NEW YORK NEWS

By M. L. D'OTRANGE MASTAI

BEAUTY BARE . . .

Vasarely, whose creations of Euclidian loveliness will be on view at World House Galleries, New York, from November 21st to January 6th, is best renowned for his controversial theories amounting to both a metaphysical system and a calculus of art. Yet these, although admittedly important, are sometimes likely to cloud the main issue, to bring about, in a reversion of the old saying, a beautiful instance of not seeing the trees because we are surveying the forest . . . The individual works, after all, speak louder than any one theory englobing them. Vasarely is primarily an artist, and had we never heard of his pictorial semanticism or of his pioneering of the introduction of movement into visual art as an essential factor (by various optical means), we should not thereby necessarily be deprived of a purely aesthetic appreciation of his paintings based on these tenets.

On the other hand, there is an aloofness particularly to his black and white work that cannot be explained or understood on any other terms than those propounded in the artist's own discourses—abstruse, one might even say forbidding, treatises, composed and worded with the same meticulous exactitude we find in his paintings, and also, like them, strangely disturbing because of the sudden wild breath that irrupts unexpectedly in the midst of this impeccable orderliness, shuffling the stacks hither and yon, and spelling out, next to the algebraic theorem, the simple, timeless word: *mystery*.

Art, Vasarely has pronounced, must now burst its silent, lonely chrysalid sheath of creative individuality. With the stupendous technical means at our command, a true science of art must be evolved, ultimately providing definitions, precise as chemical formulae, of all components in a work of art, and making possible therefore, with the assistance of electronic brains, the reproduction *ad infinitum* of the previously unique product.

This might be termed a dogma of highest artistic renunciation, and Vasarely confirms it with the statement that the supreme function of the artist (according to the usual meaning of that word in our present civilisation: i.e., the painter and/or sculptor) does not consist in producing isolated fragments, however worthy individually, but in contributing to the creation of the harmonious whole. In relation to architecture particularly, the artist's task is to provide as it were the skin and muscle envelope for the architectonic skeleton. Only then, when this has been achieved, will there be a true Resurrection of art, to replace the still lingering traces of the Renaissance, which, to Vasarely's mind, was not a rebirth but the reactivating of a "zombie"—that is, of a long dead corpse brought back to life by arts of condemnable black magic.

With all this, paradoxically, Vasarely is in fact one of the most genuinely humanistic among modern artists. The disturbance, one might say the dissonance, always present in his work may be surmised as much an unconscious expression of his own spiritual restlessness as it is an overt symbol of the ever present element of failure and dissent in all human undertaking. There is an undeniable recognition of emotional factors also in his use of colour. We must exclude from this the severe black and white works. Yet even these bear evocative stellar names: *Lyrae*, *Altair*, *Betelgeuse*, *Procyon*,

VICTOR VASARELY: *Lyrae*, 1952-1960, oil on canvas, 62 x 51 in., World House Galleries, New York.

Antares, *Mizar*, etc. Strangely adventurous and romantic echoes, sounding the music of the spheres in this austere intellectualised *oeuvre*.

In a few rare instances (such as "Torda", No. 2 in the present show) Vasarely demonstrates that he can at will orchestrate with mastery bright and daring colour combinations. Even there however, rationality predominates and the intense glowing tones complement each other with rigorous precision: vermilion and yellow/black, on one side; carmine and plum/black, on the other. For with Vasarely, black is not simply black, its name is legion. In his more familiar and cooler harmonies, we find also the association of pale blues, celestial in tint and purity, white, and blacks—the plural being used advisedly as at least two values of black are generally present (not, as might seem on first sight, a black and a grey): one, an absolute black, intense and velvety, suggesting the dark receding void of outer space, and the other coldly aglow with a silvery reflection as of nocturnal light.

THE TIP OF A SPARK IS A SURFACE

For the Miró exhibition current through November at the Pierre Matisse Gallery of New York, Yvon Taillandier has contributed a brilliant and illuminating essay as foreword to the catalogue—both epithets particularly justified here, since, in addition to the quality of thought and style, it is the element of light and fire the author has chosen to stress as the essential inspiration of Miró's *oeuvre*. Taillandier tells us how one of the artist's earliest experiences—watching a spark leap out of the darkness as Catalanian shepherds struck two stones together to procure fire to light their pipes—is to be counted "one of the keenest emotions of his life" and of highest significance to the understanding of his art. To all familiar with the electric sparkle that fairly bristles

in Miró's superficially whimsical creations, this will be (again!) an illumination. However, the commentator pursues, there is a great deal more to it than merely this. For "the point of a spark is a surface". Of necessity, for the current show in the U.S.A., M. Taillandier's text had to be translated, and it is to be particularly regretted in the instance quoted, as no translation can possibly be expected to render fully the evocative power of the phrase: "la pointe d'une étincelle, c'est une surface". Yet, like a narrow pencil beam of light suddenly piercing the night and slashing it swiftly and silently, scalpel-like, in a wide arc, these few words do away with opacity of any doubt as to the meaning of Miró's message. In a purely formal sense, one might say perhaps that they present us with a perfect and precise thumb-nail equivalent in words of a picture by Miró.

Our age, as it deeper consciousness is revealed by such artists as Miró, has totally lost the awareness of a distinction between the microcosm and the macrocosm. What is a spark, they ask us indeed, but a very small, lost star, and a star but a giant spark flickering for what we count an eternity of time, but which may be in fact a split-second in some hyper-universe beyond our ken, mental as well as visual. Art has changed its function; it is no longer primarily a quest for beauty. Beauty left behind like a shed, worn-out garment. Art now reaches for a higher fulfilment: the search for the final meaning beyond mere appearances. And if anyone indeed reaches for the stars, it is Miró. Confirmation is found abundantly in his own words, as quoted by James Thrall Soby in his perceptive and meticulous biography and study of the artist, published in 1959 by the Museum of Modern Art of New York: "This has always been my goal, to transcend the purely plastic fact, to reach other horizons (p. 10); For me a form is never something abstract; it is always a sign of something . . . For me, painting is never form for form's sake (p. 14); I make no

distinction between painting and poetry. It therefore happens that I illustrate my canvases with poetic phrases and vice-versa (p. 96)".

In fact, if we follow Soby in his step-by-step record and interpretation of Miró's life and work until 1959, we come again and again across Miró's insistent claim of the indissoluble union of all the "arts" in the old scholastic sense, and his sense of identification with all the great creators of his own age, as well as of ages past. In an interview with James Sweeney (op. cit. p. 100) Miró stated: "At Varengeville-sur-Mer, in 1939, began a new stage in my work . . . It was about the time when the war broke out. I felt a deep desire to escape, I closed myself within myself purposely. The night, music, and the stars began to play a major role in suggesting my paintings. Music had always appealed to me and now music in this period began to take the role poetry had played in the early twenties, especially Bach and Mozart, when I went back to Majorca upon the fall of France". At this time, too, his biographer informs us, "Miró read enormously and was particularly fond of the Spanish mystics, St. John of the Cross and St. Theresa. And he grew fascinated by the light coming in the windows of the Gothic cathedral at Palma. He would sit there for a long time after lunch, when the cathedral was usually empty, watching the light and listening to the rolling strains of the organ. In brief, he was immersed in meditation and in absorbing such sensory impressions as those provided by music, poetry, and the more tangible stimuli of light's reflections on water and on the cathedral's walls".

But, let us note well, primarily: "meditation". For Miró, as well as a poet and a musician of colour, is a deep and dolorous mystic. His blues sing all the wonder, but his reds stab at the very heart of his ideal. ("When blue is as beautiful as that, as alive", asks Taillandier, "why should it not bleed?"). His line soars in despairing flight, as a released bird, across and above a drab background smudged with all the sordidness and ugliness of everyday reality. Yet, like the theologians of old, he proffers the unanswerable question: how many angels may hold upon this immeasurably small "point of a spark", called the human spirit?

Black and red—sin and blood—ignorance and murder: the two faces of evil: these splotch some huge, dramatic "blue" panels in the present show. "Painting IV/V", dated 1960, in unexpected contrast to Miró's previous works, is nebulous and nacreous, the tenderest of lyrics by this harsh realist and satirist, who first broke reality into shards and then took to remolding it to his heart's desire.

MICROMÉGAS IN OUR MIDST

It is almost a logical sequence that the Miró show at Pierre Matisse should be followed by one devoted to the works of Giacometti on display there through the entire month of December. For, like Miró, Giacometti has abrogated both time and space. On the occasion of the memorable show of the artist's works at the same gallery in the winter of 1948, Jean Paul Sartre devoted to the artist and his work a study that remains to this day unsurpassed. Probably the most interesting phenomenon of our days has been the interpenetration of art and literature to a degree never before experienced. Undeniably, the two have never been truly adverse to each other—provided the association went along with mutual respect. But all too often there was a

J. MIRO: Woman with Bird V/X, 1960, oil on canvas, 29 x 19 1/2 in., Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York.



sort of condescension on the part of the writer towards the artist, a kind of unspoken conviction that the chief function of the visual arts was after all basically illustrative: their role that of handmaidens to the thoughts of the litterateur and philosopher, tolerable merely in the interest of communication.

Matters are presently quite otherwise, and it is probably not an exaggeration to say that the only difference now between the visual artist and the literary artist is simply that the latter expresses his thoughts by means of a language common to and understood in some measure by all, while the painter or sculptor creates his own language, his own symbols or hieroglyphs and expects us either to grasp his meaning intuitively or else to make the effort necessary to achieve comprehension of this new and mysterious tongue.

In the first sentence of his interpretation of Giacometti, the man and the artist, Sartre referred to "his antediluvian face" and to "his will to place himself at the beginning of the world". Both phrases hit home, hard. For as much as spacelessness, timelessness is Giacometti's stamp. His minuscule giants—or are they monstrous dwarfs?—stride implacably forward. I was going to say "stride the earth" but I caught myself: there is nothing here, no index of size or perspective furnished, to identify these as creatures of our own world. Their nearest equivalent is Micromégas, Voltaire's imaginary giant from Sirius. They loom above us at a distance that we cannot and probably should not try to estimate—it may well be that their elongated shadows fall across the constellations, unless perhaps their universe is contained in a drop of dew. No matter. Giacometti recognises but one reality: movement, which is born of life, which is life. The rhythm of limbs, poised and yet vibrant as beams of force. And the infinitely subtler, slow rhythm of thought revealed in a human face by the tide marks left there. The faces he shows us are gentle and grave, like a distant, misty landscape. But he does not leave us quit nevertheless of the slightest geological testimony: erosions, furrows, distensions as of the earth's crust, pushed, heaved and kneaded by the secret lava flow beneath.

It is paradoxical to recall that this has been wished for and achieved plastically by a sculptor who is also a great painter and a draftsman of Cezannesque lucidity and solidity.

TO PROJECT AND DESIGN IN SPACE . . .

These were the words and the lifelong ambition of the Spanish sculptor, Julio Gonzalez, whose works are presented in a retrospective exhibition retained through this month at the Galerie Chalette, New York, and later to be circulated through various museums in the U.S.A. and Canada. The show is also intended as a memorial of the twentieth anniversary of the death of the sculptor in war-torn France and the gallery has issued a comprehensive and lavishly illustrated catalogue, with a monograph by Hilton Kramer. This serious and thoughtful study of the sculptor's *oeuvre* and personality is complemented by a Chronology, compiled by the author, and supplies, therefore, as much information as could be desired regarding an artist who has not until now been as familiar to the American public as he deserves to be.

The son of a goldsmith who, in the ancient tradition, was also a capable sculptor, Julio Gonzalez, learned both his craft and his art at his father's knee. His first original productions were cut-metal masks, austere and stylised. In the first decade of the century, he became associated with Picasso and Brancusi, and in the early 'thirties we find him providing Picasso with technical assistance on his welded



GIACOMETTI: Bust of Diego, 1961, Bronze, height 15½ in., Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York.



JULIO GONZALEZ: Femme à la Corbeille, 1931, (Woman with Basket), Catalogue No. 24, Galerie Chalette, New York.

iron sculptures. The mid-'thirties saw the blossoming forth of the most original and permanent aspect of his sensitive talent. The "*Woman with a Basket*" illustrated here is an example of his open-space sculpture and can with interest be compared to the Lipchitz "*Abundance*" of 1950 shown on page 150 of our November report. Both are basically variations on that loveliest of shapes, the tall-stem goblet, but beyond this no more resemblance exists than the essential skeletal kinship, as of a Percheron with an Arabian horse. The grace and ascetic delicacy of the "*Woman with a Basket*" springs upwards like a narrow, trembling fountain jet, and its play of shadow is as much an intrinsic part of its ethereal loveliness as the metallic substance that gives it a minimum of being. Here Gonzalez has projected and designed not merely in space but with the light of space.

The artist produced a number of works of this kind, but did not always choose to express himself in this rarefied mood. The figures titled "*Cactus Man I*" and "*Cactus Man II*" of a few years later, and even the "*Elongated Figure*" of 1935 bear witness to his possession of an almost savage strength. This is evident, touchingly and forcefully, in his second version of "*Montserrat*" of 1942, where, abandoning the cubist stylisation of the first version, he has given full play, with romantic violence to his deepest personal feelings on this subject. Like Lipchitz in recent years, Gonzalez reverted there to the use of closed form. For this was a theme that had to be made to appeal forcibly and effectively to the masses of men: an impassioned protest against the horrors of war. Those were not days when an artist might dwell remorselessly in his Ivory Tower of pure abstract thought. The unfinished project, of plaster, now cast in bronze posthumously, in accordance with the artist's wishes, shows us the head of a screaming woman who was to have been seen in a kneeling position possibly with arms outflung in horror. Such as it is, it is compact, noble, terribly impressive—one might say of it that it meets with Michelangelo's standards for the excellence of a work of sculpture: that it might be safely thrown from the top of a mountain without danger of losing any of its essential attributes.

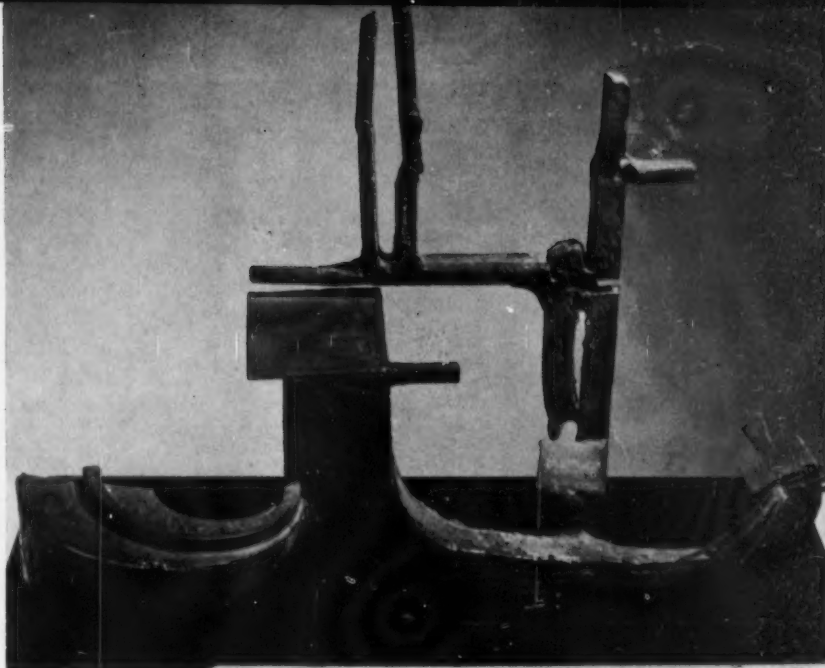
FLAGS, SHOES, BUICKS AND WEBSTERS

The enumeration above lists some of the series on a theme that have recently served as vehicles for the turbulent, strangely deep and poetic spirit of Larry Rivers. Except for the first, the subject matter in insignificant—which should not matter in the least. It is interesting to note, nevertheless, that somehow it does seem to matter in spite of the artist's own conscious volition.

The *Flags* feature in almost every instance the Confederate flag (red field with the starry blue cross of St. Andrew in saltire) of the Southern rebels in the American Civil War, and they draw a sort of cabalistic power from the use of this bright, dramatic, despairing symbol of sorrow, struggle, defeat nobly endured, high hopes cast down. It is, let us face it, what Frank O'Hara has termed (dispensing even with the apology of inverted commas) a *corny* subject(*). It would be easy to say that the artist transcends it—but the subject remains there, recognisable to all, displayed with such candour that we are indeed enabled to qualify it as corny.

*Frank O'Hara, *Larry Rivers: The Next to Last Confederate Soldier* in *School of New York. Some Younger Artists*, edited by B. Friedman, Grove Press, New York, and Evergreen Books, London, 1959.

LARRY RIVERS: *Dying and Dead Veterans*, 1961, oil on canvas, Tibor de Nagy Gallery, New York.



JULIO GONZALEZ: *Elongated Figure*, 1935, Catalogue No. 41, Galerie Chalette, New York.

Rivers renders it with a magnificent brand of cool-as-ice romanticism, and thereby it becomes the first satisfactory and *true* evocation of the epic fratricidal conflict, it precipitates as it were. At the same time, it is a great deal more, in a quantitative as well as a qualitative sense. It is primarily Rivers himself, revealed quite nakedly in spite of his feral reserve. It is the nation of which this flag is forever a part, unexorcisable ghost of the triumphant banner. And, incidentally, anyone of this series is a *beautiful* picture because, to use again the words of Frank O'Hara, the very corniness of the subject has led the artist "to expend on it a technical austerity of technical means which is beyond what he had discovered in himself before. The blueness, the redness of the flag (flags everywhere: "we are indeed dying!"), the umber-ochre face of barely surviving heroes, is lost in the linear acuity and tenderness, and the cool powerful masses of oncoming silence . . ."

Let us take, though not quite at random, another series: *The Buicks*. This too, and I trust that neither the artist nor Mr. O'Hara will disagree, is indeed a corny subject—comically corny though not without undertones of tragedy, as the other was dramatically corny. But here again, somehow, Rivers by this means stands revealed. The powerful, sleek machine; the gaudy symbol of power at any price, of miscellaneous tawdry joys; the "insolent chariot" in short





DARREL AUSTIN : *Beast with Young*, 1961, oil, 34 x 42 in., Perls Galleries, New York.

—has been captured and tamed by means of a new, admirable visual eloquence and technical wit Rivers had never displayed previously, at least to that extent. The "*Shoes*" and the "*Websters*" (cigar boxes) to my mind, do not seem to liberate him to anything like a comparable degree. Well, more wind is needed to fill the sails of a man of war than of a sloop. Larry Rivers is too strong an artist for small introspective broodings. He can dare grandeur.

The exhibition will be on view at the Tibor de Magy Galleries, New York, until December 30th.

TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT . . .

Darrel Austin might be called our Douanier Rousseau—except that his imagery is infinitely more subtle and complex, which is as it should be, for any attempt at naïveté on the part of this sophisticated and knowledgeable practitioner would be reprehensible hypocrisy. He is, nevertheless, the rightful heir of Rousseau's solemnly joyous and unashamed paganism—which was the true core of the old heathen's art,

in place of (as is too often thought) the technical limitations that cruelly pinioned his imaginative vision, and which he surmounted only by dint of superhuman efforts.

But even more truly perhaps, Austin is our Blake, and in a deeper sense than technique or the choice of subjects, although he too favours "the human form divine" and sight of his *Beautiful Beasts* irresistibly brings to mind the famous lines anent a tiger prowling nocturnal woods.

No, if Darrel Austin may dare to claim artistic kinship with Blake, it is, very simply, because he has searched for inspiration at the same source: the inner flowing fountain of his own dreams. "*Prairie Dusk*", "*Moon Song*", "*The Legend*", "*The Lady of the Wind Bell*"—each of these is a delightful and irrefutable answer to the charge that a certain brand of poetic charm and fantastical imagining must forever remain beyond the reach of the American artist.

The show of Darrel Austin's recent works at the Perls Galleries of New York opened on November 28th and will remain on view until December 23rd.

GLORIA SHOWING PETTICOAT . . .

At the Bernhardt Crystal Galleries, John Bratby exposes his violent and challenging oils. Technically, it is on the same tortured furrowing; the sober and/or muddy tones (oddly enough, this effect is brought about by the juxtaposition of strokes of colour of great subtlety and purity); the delineation of wilfully coarse shapes. Nevertheless, there is a difference. As one critic put it, the artist has moved from the kitchen sink to the studio window. It is still a self-contained world, but the vistas reveal leafy gardens, expressing an unexpected feeling for nature. The artist is still held as it were behind prison bars, but the sky shines above very blue and free, and total escape, one can venture to prognosticate is not too far off. Of significance: these backgrounds are painted rather thinly, casually and (yes!) joyfully.

The titles are preposterous, but that is the artist's privilege: "Gloria Showing Petticoat and Swimsuit, with Piano Stool and With Echinops and Bay Tree Claustrophobic in Back" is a particularly appealing example.

JOHN BRATBY: Gloria on Back, White Shirt, Blue Skirt, on Blue Mattress in Revolving Studio. Bernhardt Crystall Galleries, New York.



MODERN ART IN LONDON

By JASIA REICHARDT

TONY FULGENZI AT SAVAGE GALLERY

It may be irrelevant to talk about painting in terms of craftsmanship, yet, in the case of Fulgenzi, it forms the technical basis on which he creates a fantasy of colour. It seems somehow that the fantasy evolves from the technical possibilities rather than from, say, an idea. It is in some strange way associated with the impressionists' concern with light and analysis of colour, but whereas in their case this preoccupation represented the means of creating a meaningful image, or to convey a mood, in the case of Fulgenzi it becomes a way of expressing a sheer personal exuberance. Fulgenzi does not transform colour, which is the most significant element in his work, it remains inscrutably and inevitably, a pigment, synthetic, luminous and saturated. Within a dark background appear a number of exotically luminous forms, of which the arrangement has the stillness of objects placed on a table. It seems that the size of these paintings is arbitrary, for a number of small works could become one large painting, and conversely a big canvas could be divided into a number of small ones. One has the feeling that the artist would really like to start working on a huge wall, within which he could weave and evolve his pattern, if only to find out whether it can really be finite.

JOHN MOORES' LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION AT WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

Great Britain has no international biennale comparable to either those of Venice, Sao Paulo or Paris, yet, since six years there is a regular biennial exhibition which could be described as the British Biennale—the John Moores Liverpool Exhibition. Artists from all parts of Great Britain are invited to submit works from which a selection is made by a jury of four art experts and John Moores in the chair. This year there were nearly 2,000 paintings and sculptures submitted,

from which 132 works were finally chosen for display, and of which 13 won prizes. Many people may wonder why the one and only British Biennale is held in Liverpool and not in London. The reason is very simple—John Moores who sponsors the exhibition with the Liverpool Libraries, Museums and Arts Committee, feels that the inhabitants of Merseyside should be given the opportunity to become acquainted with some of the best painting and sculpture being done in this country, and further wishes to encourage artists and the growth of new creative ideas.

It may be important to mention that the first prize was won by Henry Mundy, yet the most significant aspect of the exhibition is the inclusion of a number of paintings which indicate the emergence of a new movement in British painting. If one were to refer to it as a return to figuration—it would be a great mistake. This is not a return, for the only precedent in this field is the work of painters like Gorky, Bacon, Hassel Smith; it is an advance rather, which concerns itself with the adaptation of a synthetic city life to an inventive visual imagery. This movement is more significant than one might at first imagine. One of the most striking qualities of these paintings is that they are involved with a vision which belongs to the present but which is imbued with a nostalgia for the past—a past that is not really familiar to these young men (David Hockney, Ron Kitaj, Peter Blake, Patrick Hanly, Norman Teynton, Peter Phillips, Max Shepherd, Derek Boshier and Allen Jones) for the majority of them are in their early twenties, but a past of which the charleston, Upton Sinclair, Emanuel Carnevali, Apollinaire, and even T. S. Eliot's 'Prufrock', give one a taste and a romantic idea. Several painters in this group make use of calligraphy, written phrases, letters of the alphabet, as an inherent part of the pictorial structure. Somehow their art has become more than either visually in-



PETER BLAKE : Self portrait with badges, 1961, oil on canvas. This painting won the 1st prize in the junior section at the John Moores Liverpool Exhibition.

tellectual or visually sensual, it has adopted the written word, the concept of music, the notion that a painting tells a story. Yet the most vital aspect of this venture into a new pictorial form is that it contains the essence of today's myths, today's symbols, today's fears, and tomorrow's vision. This is just the beginning of a new movement that has drawn its inspiration freely from New York and Paris, remaining nonetheless remarkably individual and with an indication of great promise.

ROBYN DENNY AT MOLTON GALLERY

Denny's work has often been considered, in spite of the changes in his development, in the light of some intellectual programme to which he was roughly supposed to adhere. I prefer to think that in spite of certain consistent use of analogies between vision, pattern, and the cryptic symbols of the entertainment industry and the artificiality of city life, Denny is a sort of poet who does not base his imagery on any rational proceeding. On a certain level he is concerned with the association between abstract imagery and ideas, memories, thoughts, information, that are fed to him through the bill boards, newspapers, cinema, etc. Nevertheless this association seems a little forced, because somewhere in these paintings is the desire for isolation from the entertainment industry, for a quietude and contemplation. It is through this quietude which cannot be suppressed with a thousand of science fiction titles that Denny speaks. His recent paintings could be compared to doors that open to suggest a number of possibilities but revealing nothing beyond an enigmatic

suggestion that on the basis of what these paintings offer the viewer must build his own myth. Denny is a poet because through the close colour harmonies and rather clean, vertically and horizontally biased forms, he fires the imagination and the spirit without saying anything in particular.

SERGE REZVANI AT HANOVER GALLERY

Rezvani is Persian by birth, French by domicile, and as a painter, he belongs to the group of artists whose work has been widely described during the past eight years, in terms of the international style. Consistency in style and in the use of imagery, does not however imply, in Rezvani's case, an equal consistency in quality. Included in the exhibition are works by him which can be divided into four groups: ink drawings on paper, oil drawings on paper mounted on canvas, mixed media paintings, and charred wood reliefs. The drawings (both in ink and in oil) convey a spontaneity and freedom which the paintings and reliefs lack. Spontaneity need not be a positive virtue, yet in the case of Rezvani it becomes an element on which the success of his best works hinges. The charred wood reliefs are precious, elegant, slightly decadent and rather meaningless. The paintings, in which an image (a nude in some cases), is built up almost, rather than painted, are also precious, yet in these the painter shows not only a technical virtuosity and sense of taste, but the ability to construct something decisive and coherent. The drawings, however, show Rezvani to be a man of vision who can create melodies in one colour. These drawings of which the dominant colour is black, appear like a handwriting, which is both visually descriptive and intensely personal.



REZVANI : Paris tu m'rends dingue, 1961, oil on paper laid on canvas, 46 x 32 in. Hanover Gallery.

LYNN CHADWICK AT NEW LONDON GALLERY

"... in our approaches to language"—Crowshay-Williams wrote—"we tend to treat it more as if it were an imperfectly understood horse than as if it were a machine which we had ourselves constructed." One may be puzzled by this seemingly far fetched reference to Chadwick's work, yet his mode of communication is also a language, and allusions to it which normally apply to semantics may reveal something about the essence of what the artist means when he constructs a sculpture, and what this sculpture may, in turn, convey to the viewer. Chadwick has without doubt created for himself the 'machine' of visual communication—he created a series of images which fit into a personal mythology, solved a number of problems, evolved a style, and applied an intense angular rhythm to much of his work. Chadwick's language is both mature and considered, but in its use it seems, the artist doubts its power from time to time and forces his message rather like the 'imperfectly understood horse' to come across. This accounts in a way for the number of thematic repetitions within which some of the original spontaneity is lost. Chadwick's best work makes an important contribution to what we now envisage as the post-war development of British sculpture. The best pieces have been constructed, nourished in a sense, and built into a personal effigy, that in spite of its rather private atmosphere, has the power and the feeling of isolation of a statue. One might say that Chadwick has taken the image of man, and from it evolved an idol, introducing a ritualistic concept into an otherwise simpler, even elementary relationship between a lonely figure and its impersonal environment. Probably the *Strangers*, the *Watchers*, and the *Winged figures*, contain the essence of Chadwick's real achievement.

MARY BROOKS AT NEW VISION CENTRE GALLERY

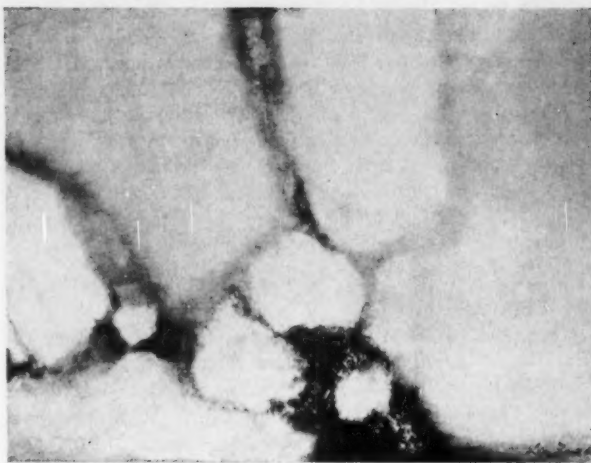
Following the exhibition of sculptures by Guerrini, paintings in exuberant blues by Fellini, and the quietude of collages in paint by Righi, are the paintings of Mary Brooks. I feel that her work is in a very transitory stage as there appears to be very little consistency in either quality, imagery or style. Perhaps the circular images, where both the colour and the paint seem to be used with a certain amount of premeditation and planning, convey something fairly coherent. It seems that Mary Brooks has achieved a certain technical facility to create effects with paint (producing luminosity, transparency, effects of reflection), this, however, is only one of the first steps towards saying something with paint. The road to real eloquence can only really be gained through the strict discipline of perfecting one's language.

NASSER ASSAR AT LINCOLN GALLERY

In his paintings Nasser Assar has used a series of animated linear motifs which are evocative of an Eastern rather than European idiom. It is not a question of using calligraphic forms as the means of creating a theme, for Deggotex and Hartung have certainly done just that without departing in any way from an occidental atmosphere. Assar's voluble though fluid writing in a dark tone on a ground soaked in a paler colour has the atmosphere of a Chinese scroll, without seemingly being endowed with a comparable content. Assar's paintings are delicate, tasteful, evocative, but his style is not yet his own, and that is why as one looks at these oils one is reminded of other things instead of feeling that one is confronted with something unprecedented and new.

LEON ZACK AT WADDINGTON GALLERIES

The progress of Leon Zack during the past two years is a further emphasis on the fact that communication can be based on something very simple. The use of visual images



LEON ZACK: Painting, 1961, oil on canvas, 38½ x 51 in. Waddington Galleries.

is, in this instance, very similar to a language which is usually quite adequate for the expression of almost anything providing one has something to say. It is also true that the more explicit one's intention and the clearer one's idea, the simpler the language one usually employs. So it is with Zack, who, during the past two years, has removed the last vestiges of what one could refer to as 'euphuism' in painting. Zack's early works were based on an image that was evolved like a spider's web, and with a simultaneous emphasis on texture and colour. If, one could describe these early works as obvious, then the recent paintings have become very much more elusive. Somewhere on the way, the painter has lost something of the physical corporeality, but retained the spirit, the essence of what he wished to communicate. The majority of the paintings contain a series of linked forms, often placed diagonally in an otherwise plain background. This movement across the canvas represents the distilled content of Zack's recent work. This is a test really of the painter's intent, because had he little to say, the enigmatic forms that fill his paintings, from which the colour sometimes seems to have been almost drained, would remain as meaningless as they are delicate. Yet, in terms of impact, Zack's best and most restrained works, can often convey more than the loud clamour of an enthusiastic red splash.

THE ASSOCIATION OF POLISH ARTISTS IN GREAT BRITAIN AT GRABOWSKI GALLERY

This exhibition which has been entitled 'Tension and Contrast', quite surprisingly constitutes a very representative and accurate cross section of movements in contemporary art. In the work of the participants one finds the expression of all the preoccupations that have beset artists during the past twenty years, and one could find here at least one painting to go under each of all the headings that have been used for classifying the trends of modern art. Yet, this in itself is not important—what is of interest, however, is how far the individual painter has been able to go in any one style or direction towards fulfilling his intention and communicating that intention to the viewer. Among those whose visual ideas are explicit and message eloquent, is Gluchowska, whose *Farm land*—a painting of which the main proposition is a strange and delicate relationship between two birds, is stated naively perhaps, but with a great conviction and intensity. Laczynski, whose woodcuts have always impressed, from the point of view of technique and as compositions, shows an oil painting which appears in some

way to be an extension of the image evolved through the woodcut. The two works by Turkiewicz—*Golden gate* and *Experience of various events*—are structures built on a considered and deliberate phantasy. The two most overt romantics in this group, Dzwig and Kruszynski, contribute some nostalgic contemplative paintings which are contrasted by the panache of both Frenkiel and Baranowska. Other artists who are contributing to this exhibition, are: Beutlich, Black, Znicz, Nalecz, Piwowar, Sawicka, Sukiennicka, Wawrzekiewicz, Was, Werner and Zielinski.

ESKIMO DRAWINGS, PRINTS, AND CARVINGS
AT GIMPEL FILS

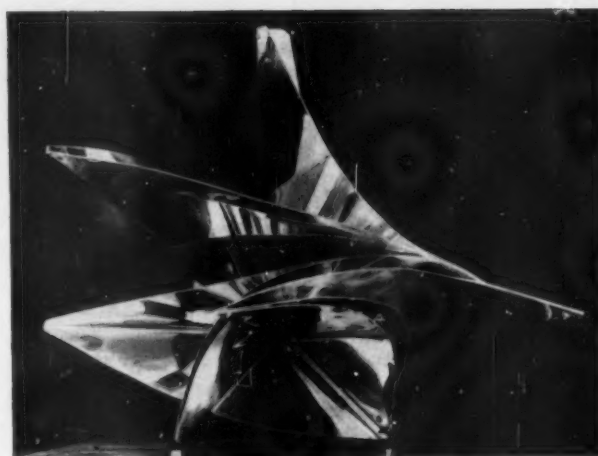
The print, as an art form, is reasonably recent among the Eskimos of the Canadian Eastern Arctic. It was in 1948 that Jim Houston, who became the Northern Service Officer, taught the Eskimos in the Baffin Island the technique of woodcut, which was later transferred to stone. When some time later the Canadian Handicraft Guild in Montreal decided to sell the prints—the Eskimos had not only achieved a new source of income but also, what is now becoming an international reputation for an art form that is both original and has somehow the feeling of a great tradition behind it. The stone lithographs which are made in editions of about sixty, are based on some aspect of life in the arctic, sometimes transformed by a phantasy, sometimes simplified. The soap-stone and ivory carvings comparable to those exhibited, represent only about 10 per cent of the total output. The Eskimos strive after a detailed and complete representation, of which the most sophisticated incorporate painted areas. Nevertheless among the most beautiful carvings are some of which the forms had been considerably simplified, and which are often considered unfinished or not very good by the artists in Cape Dorset—the source of the majority of the carvings on view. It is rather interesting that in the three stages of carving during which an axe, then a chisel, and finally a file are used, the artist actually becomes most excited during the last stage which is concerned with detail. With this, perhaps simple, but completely understandable, approach, the Eskimos are creating a form of folk art of which the best examples must be inevitably considered as fine art.



Drawing by a Cape Dorset Eskimo of an Eskimo scene with skinned bear. 1961, 17½ x 23¼ in., Gimpel Films.

NEMOURS AND GILBERT AT DRIAN GALLERIES

Both Nemours and Gilbert deal with the more formal aspects of art, although each of them tackles the problem of establishing the relationship of space, light and colour, in a



STEPHEN GILBERT: Structure 16a, 1961, aluminium sheet. 11 x 16 in. Drian Galleries.

very different way. The pure forms of Nemours' paintings (squares and rectangles in synthetic colours with black), have been so distilled, so rarified, that they seem to have lost in the process the intensity that always goes hand in hand with the irrational. Whilst the refinement of Nemours appears almost as a negative quality, the refinement in the case of Gilbert contributes to the extraordinary vitality of his forms made out of anodised or polished aluminium sheet. Gilbert's sculptures seem to grow, like flowers almost, from a central point, using space in a rather similar way to the architecture of Brasilia, where a house structure does not imply a rigid pattern of horizontals and verticals. Gilbert's sculptures are based on a series of curves that suggest speed, flight and growth as an intricate part of their make-up.

JOHN TUNNARD AT McROBERTS & TUNNARD GALLERY

Rarely does one come across a painter of such a consistent style and vision as John Tunnard. It is only after a very close inspection of a number of paintings—some from 1940s and some from 1960/61, that one is able to perceive the slight changes in theme, slight intensification of tone, or a greater predilection for movement and animation in the more recent works. Tunnard's imagery stems from a dual pre-occupation—that with nature and that with man's own invention. It is immaterial that the images he depicts as pertaining to nature have been heightened, transformed, crystallised, and that the man-made creations in his works are solely the result of a combination of memories and imagination—Tunnard's visual world is based on the firm foundations of research, experiment and painstaking work. What to the viewer may seem to be paintings with a narrow range, to the artist is a world of his own of unlimited possibilities. One cannot examine the constituents of Tunnard's world without coming under the spell of its echoing vistas, reflected lights and strange linear geometric forms which originate somewhere outside the canvas where the strange landscapes continue beyond our sight. Whether, as in the early paintings, the theme suggests a still life in its composition, or as in the recent works the theme comments on some aspect of the forces of nature—Tunnard's imaginary landscapes are based on some feeling of disquiet, anticipation and even menace. If in the case of Max Ernst a nightingale can be a source of menace, here it may be a slightly unbalanced egg-shape, use of perspective, or colour that suggests thunder. Somehow one is made to feel that the inevitable journeys in Tunnard's paintings are without an end and without return.

THE PEACHES BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE

ELEVEN PAINTINGS BY CLAUDE VENARD

*La ligne soutient la couleur
Tour à tour sombre ou éclatante
Telle la mer calme, mouvante*

Qui s'enivre de son ardeur, wrote His Excellency, Tetsuro Furukaki, Japanese Ambassador in Paris, on November 3rd, two years ago. He was describing in classical quatrain his impressions of the painting of Claude Venard for the artist's exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier.

His Excellency composed his comment with typical oriental economy before the eleven pictures by Venard now at the Frost & Reed Gallery were painted, yet his statement is as relevant to the artist's work now as it was in 1959.

Venard's line *does* support his colour. It is a line deeply scored in the pigment, a spontaneous incision which by its very ruthlessness gives all his painting its piquant paradox, for between knife-drawn scratches are areas of rich colour, glazed and gleaming, peaches behind barbed wire.

The painter was born in Paris in 1913, the son of a Burgundian wine farmer. His career from the outset was triumphant—a series of successes and prizes which helped him in his studies at the École des Arts Appliqués and during the period he spent at the Musée du Louvre restoring damaged pictures. Close proximity with the work of the old masters, and a realisation of the vast range of their craft with its knowledge of media and processes have been valuable experiences for one who seeks a high degree of finish in his completed oeuvres.

Early in his career he formed, with Tal Coat, Francis Gruber and André Marchand, the "Forces Nouvelles" group which held its first exhibition chez Billiet Worms, since which time his paintings have been seen in a series of exhibitions on both sides of the Atlantic and as far away as Tokyo. Such activity and the high standard of his output have earned him official recognition in many quarters (election as a founder member of the Salon de Mai, his pictures in State collections like the Musée d'Art Moderne [Paris] and the Tate Section of the National Gallery). He was also chosen to design the poster for the annual exhibition of the École de Paris at Charpentiers in 1959, an honour previously accorded to painters of such calibre as Picasso, Chagall and Clavé.

Venard is comparatively young—young by the standard of the old men who started the modern movement, Braque, Chagall, Giacometti, Miró, Masson, Picasso and the rest—to have made such a deep impression upon collectors and dealers. He has done so by a rare show of independence and a dedication to recreating the subject in the light of all the research and experimentation carried out by his illustrious forerunners. Like his friend Civet, he has consistently refused to ally himself with any school, but has treated this liberty as a self-imposed discipline to maintain the balance between his intention and an unerring sense of taste. The result has been a welcome return to luxury in modern painting which has proved so captivating that his admirers have fallen in love with his richness. This is not the lotus-eating luxury of Brianchon and Cavaillès whose work is an extension of the post-impressionists and their offshoots, nor the cold but brilliantly coloured latter-day Purism of Pignon.



CLAUDE VENARD : Nature Morts aux Deux Pots.

Venard is by all standards a modern painter, alert to the lessons of cubism of abstract art, even of surrealism.

His earliest work was more severe. Like many young painters he feared the too easy seduction of 'purple passages', preferring to make under-statements. This period of abnegation gave his painting a look of controlled elegance, a valuable basis upon which to build. It allowed him time to perfect his own style and to practice by experiment the processes he has now brought to fruition. The glittering canvases of today would not have the force they have had he not first made his way through the Lenten stage of his career.

The eleven pictures at Frost and Reed are still lifes or flower studies except for a Breton port scene. The emphasis is correct. Venard paints people, ports, cities, interiors, subjects of all kinds—but probably his finest are his still lifes. His grooved lines loop and twist harmoniously through the intricacies of urban life, curl in majestic arcs about the sails and waves of his ports and marine paintings, and cup the roundities of his nudes, but they are never so passionate as when they enfold like a trusting embrace bowls and jugs, the fruits and flower vases of his still lifes. There is a linear caress about the tables, desks and chairs that cannot find its match in his other subjects. And colour . . .

The silver-greys and jet blacks of the city paintings, the blue of the sea like the blue in the eye of a Norseman—these cannot compete with the still life colours, the polished crimsons and scarlets, the full range from lilac to deepest violet in enamelled brilliance, the tawny yellows and oranges and the green that speaks of glass. Such high-glaze translations of the simple objects of the home, of the fruits and flowers of the market round the corner, are a reminder that from the days of the Netherland Masters the Still Life has been the refinement of luxury.

Venard sums up his intentions: "What other ambition should a painter have than to seek out life, its movement and its radiance? Modern art has created the rhythm of life. It is this rhythm I want to produce in landscape, still life and the portrait."

P.M.T. S-W.

CRAZED WITH SUCCESS

SIMON VERELST'S Flower-piece, this month's cover picture, comes from the hand of one of the rare individualists in this genre. Many flower painters have originated a style subsequently followed by pupils and admirers, but Simon Verelst's personal contribution to the history of flower painting makes his work stick out like the only man in step from among an army. Dutch flower painters of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries worked hard to fill their painting area with a crowded assemblage of blossoms, dew-bedecked and often startlingly endowed with insects (an outcome of the invention of the microscope). Such profusion would baffle the ingenuity of Constance Spry. Leaves and flowers were juggled and pressed into impossible positions which no artifice of wiring or arrangement could possibly achieve.

Against this artificiality Simon Verelst (1644-1721) rebelled. His pictures are singularly free from overcrowding, perhaps no more than nine (as in the picture under discussion) different flowers in one composition, or—as in the case of the unsigned Verelst coming up for sale at Sotheby's shortly—as few as seven. He was also not afraid of air. One can see through his flower arrangements in a way that is not generally attainable in the crowded flora of other masters. This simplicity—which must have been astonishingly out of fashion in his day—had no effect upon the vogue for his work during his lifetime and, in the last 30 or 35 years when flower painting as such has once again caught the connoisseur's fancy, his uncomplicated and 'real' flower arrangements have an added attraction for those who are genuinely interested in the craft of floral decoration as well as the aesthetic values of his work.

Verelst was born in the Hague where he was made a Master of the Guild in 1660. Shortly after receiving this honour, he seems to have made his way to Charles II's London where he quickly established himself at court and was able to command the highest prices England had ever seen paid for flower paintings. He was also receiving commissions for portraits and is known to have painted the Duke of Buckingham and a portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Noble patronage and the rich prices he was paid for his work had a catastrophic effect upon his mind. According to Walpole, the Dutch painter went about proclaiming himself "The God of Flowers" and "The King of Painting", claims which even Restoration England found too much to stomach. Verelst was placed in a lunatic asylum. His subsequent recovery and the period of his incarceration do not seem to have affected his health for he lasted to a ripe old age, outliving his brother Herman (one year his senior) by 31 years, and Herman's son Cornelius by 37. Simon died in London in 1721.

All the Verelsts, Pieter (Simon's father), Herman his brother, and Cornelius his nephew, were painters. There was also a sister who is likewise listed as an artist. The shortlived Cornelius (1667-1684) followed his successful uncle to London and may have worked upon some of the backgrounds of the elder man's pictures. Most of Simon Verelst's paintings are signed, and where they are not there seems to be evidence of another hand in parts of the composition.



SIMON VERELST (1644-1721). Signed. Canvas, 28 x 24 in.

Simon's work is well represented in Britain. There are fine examples of his work in the Fitzwilliam, and Ralph Warner's bequests to the Ashmolean have further enriched this store.

The painting at John Mitchell & Son in Bond Street has rather more flowers in it than is usual for Simon Verelst, but even in this exceptional picture the subject is utterly 'possible'. It would not present a flower arranger with insuperable problems. Verelst's rich impasto background peers through. Everything he painted was soundly wrought, hence the high rate of survival of his pictures and their excellent condition.

This work comes from an English collection where it has been for at least 30 years, it may even have been painted in London. It contains Verelst's favourite blooms—the peony, the magnolia, carnation, rose, sweet-pea and poppy. These flowers, almost as if they had been painted on the same day, appear in picture after picture from his brush. So, too, do the grey-green fronds and the cabbage-like leaves. The emphasis is upon large flowers, whose isolated beauty can be easily discerned because the picture is not cluttered up with all kinds of floral desiderata to 'fill in the spaces'.

Simon Verelst was clearly ahead of his time, yet his paintings brought high prices in his lifetime and his work was popular. Now, when modern life favours simplicity, he has a natural place in contemporary taste. His work has been handed down to us in good condition. The only problem with such paintings today is how to find frames suitable to their requirements. Original frames, have become a luxury; the best passed through the sale room many years ago. The occasional lucky find has become rarer year by year. John Mitchell has had a Dutch pearwood ripple frame specially constructed to show off this masterpiece.

P.M.T.S.-W.

REFLECTIONS ON MODERN JEWELLERY

By M. L. D'OTRANGE MASTAI

**This article by the American Editor of APOLLO affords the opportunity of using as illustration three of the prize winners in the recent De Beers British Jewellery Competition for 1961. It will be appreciated that jewellery does not lend itself too well to photography.*

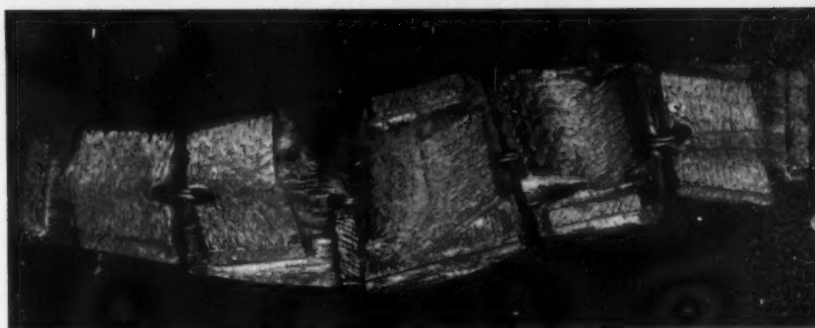
UNTIL very recently, contemporary jewellery and its practitioners had received very little public attention—the sole exception being, from time to time, an occasional stir by one of the “great names” of modern art, usually of sensationalist rather than artistic nature. In such instances, the act was condoned as harmless eccentricity; the pebble thrown in the placid pool of general indifference quickly sank out of sight, and the faint ripples of excitement soon faded away. Meanwhile, the great majority of jewellers went on producing that which was expected of them and unquestioningly accepted: assemblages of valuable stones in machine-perfect settings, arranged in designs of bland neutrality and total unimaginativeness. The result was euphemistically qualified as: “good taste”.

In this desert of boredom pure and undiluted, any oasis was welcomed, sometimes with exaggerated and indiscriminating enthusiasm. Yet, when the efforts of the jeweller were sincere he verily deserved all possible encouragement, regardless of any failings or weaknesses, for he was indeed a voice preaching in the wilderness. Unfortunately, word soon got around that jewellery had gotten to be “a good thing” and certain artists, taking advantage of the fame they had acquired in other fields, decided to storm the domain of the jeweller and the goldsmith, in total ignorance, and indifference, of the fact that the designing of jewellery requires very special gifts of which even very great artists have been devoid. Nevertheless their efforts were received with rapture and with loud fanfares of publicity—particularly since, on the strength of their fame, an almost limitless Golconda was put at their disposal by commercial firms eager to ride on their coat-tails. As a result, and regardless of artistic value, such creations had an obvious claim on public attention in point of magnificence—for how many of the laity will question the design of a jewel if it dazzles with a king's ransom in gems? Thus was brought about the parturition of certain splendid monstrosities, in front of which large crowds have gaped in speechless (and mindless) admiration.

The root of the evil, of course, was, and still is, the fact that jewellery in our day has not yet been truly rehabilitated to its rightful place. It is still looked upon with condescension, even by many who would hotly deny the truth of this statement, and very few indeed are the top-notch artists who have approached it with sincerity and respect and not in a spirit of shameless opportunism.

Also, paradoxically, jewellery has suffered from the unparalleled development of modern technology. That which only a Cellini could accomplish in ages past is now within the reach of any competent practitioner. (Machines will accomplish all miracles at his bidding save one: the spark must still be struck from his mind and heart.) However, this astounding perfection of execution is still largely a subject for wonder to the uninformed public. Therefore, let a jewel be rich and scintillating enough, let it be in addition

Bracelet and ear-rings designed by R. King. Flexible gold, diamonds and green and blue enamel. 1st prize, De Beers British Jewellery Competition 1961, in the section for pieces up to £750 in value.



Gold cast and chased bracelet designed by F. E. McWilliam. This was the 1st prize winner in the De Beers British Jewellery Competition 1961, in the section up to £100 value.

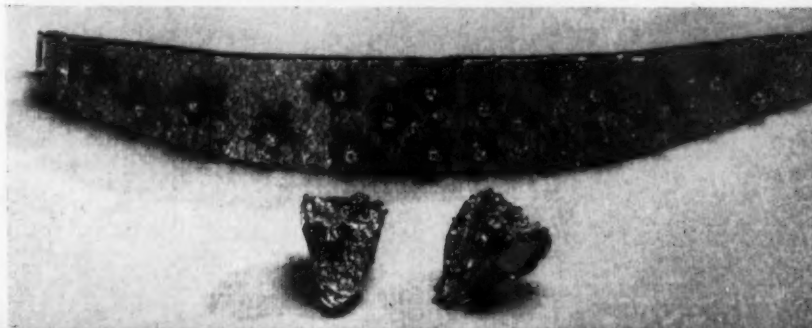
the product of the pooled talents of admirable technicians, and if the design is even moderately pleasant, there is sure to rise the clamour: “A Cellini! A modern Cellini!”

We have in fact of late been suffering under a deluge of Cellinis—for the pendulum has swung to the other extreme and contemporary jewellery is all the rage now . . .

Not too long ago, Dali was proclaimed the present-day Cellini, and now, on the occasion of a benefit showing (in favour of The Newport Preservation Society, at the Wildenstein Galleries of New York), Jean Schlumberger receives a similar accolade—though, it must be granted in fairness, not by a qualified critic. Since shortly after the article in the June issue of APOLLO, 1955, Schlumberger has been associated with Tiffany, being now both designer in chief and Vice President, and it is the firm that, according to an unsigned article in the *New York Times*,* erroneously titled “One Man Jewelry Show at Museum” (sic), refers to Mr. Schlumberger as “The Cellini of the Twentieth Century”. We can hardly blame them for this fond partiality. Nevertheless, even if this can be dismissed as “blurb”, the loose usage of the expression is significant—a regrettable indice of the fact that appreciation of jewellery has not made any genuine progress. Unless not only the fame of Cellini but the reasons for this fame are justly understood, how can we establish a valid standard of comparison? We are starting upon a false premise and our conclusions are bound to be vitiated.

It is probably time—and possibly high time—for us to stop and consider soberly that Cellini was chiefly, primarily, and gloriously a *sculptor*, born and bred, who also happened to have been a goldsmith, and the supreme excellence of his jewels was based on this foundation. As was, in different degrees, that of the great craftsmen of Greece, Egypt, and the Gothic and Renaissance ages. And this word “craftsmen” probes another gangrenous spot in the sick body of modern jewellery: the lack and dislike of personal effort on the part of the jeweller in the actual creation of a jewel. For

* November 1st, 1961 (c. 42).



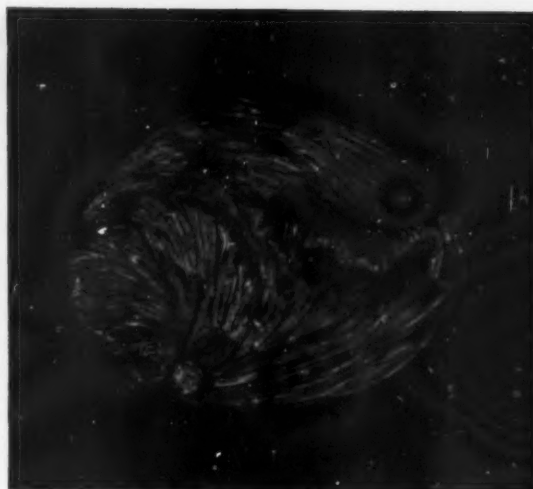
that matter: of the sculptor, on a larger scale, also. This was recently brought to mind with special emphasis on the occasion of the death of Robert Baillie, on November 6th of this year. The Scottish stone-carver, established in the United States since 1893, had lent his skill and unique understanding to bring into actual being the conceptions of all the famed sculptors of his day, working in particular with Gutzon Borglum from 1906 to 1916, then with Malvina Hoffman, Wheeler Williams, Adolphe Weinman, Anna Hyatt Huntington, etc. The obituary, listing Baillie under the proud title of "master stone carver" recalled the statement of the old craftsman: "I feel I am much more of a sculptor than some of the sculptors themselves . . ." he said in an interview. The statement was in no way questioned, for the fact that his work was much more than workman's product was universally recognised.

But where are our "master jewellers", our "master-goldsmiths"? Far from me to imply that the modern jewellist should be retrograded to the techniques of primitive civilisations (though it might be a very profitable apprenticeship indeed, where combined with the artistic instinct—for there can be no design of genuine worth brought forth in any medium without intimate association of this kind). Let the contemporary designer of jewels take full advantage of our technical wizardry if he so wishes, but let him at all times be in full control of his "tools". All too often, we need but mentally transmute the jewel before us into a baser metal and the precious stones into humbler ones to realise that "texture" was the chief merit of the piece: the glimmer of perfectly burnished gold, the glitter of perfectly cut gems.

Above all, let us demand, before praising the productions of a jewellist, that he show us his original drawings. This, alas, in many cases is likely to prove a disappointment. In the recent show of jewels by Jean Schlumberger a number of drawings by the jewellist were shown in an adjacent gallery. They attracted but little attention, the great majority of the viewers being drawn, like bees to nectar, towards the brilliance of the finished products. Upon examination and careful comparison with some of the jewels and objets d'art (for instance, the much-tooted clay flower pot encased in a jewelled filigree, a golden net sprinkled with emeralds) the drawing proved something of a disappointment. A disappointment, not a surprise—though I had hoped for some progress in the past six years—as I had previously seen some Schlumberger drawings at the time of preparation of my article devoted to Schlumberger in APOLLO, June, 1955. This had been the first serious study devoted to this jewellist (possibly, to any contemporary jewellist) and it was in that article in fact that I suggested the need of such a word as *jewellist* to characterise "the artist creator of jewels" as differentiated from the jeweller-dealer or the jeweller-craftsman.

At that time, all of six years ago, I too was "a voice crying in the wilderness", clamouring for recognition and support of jewellery not only as a fine but as living art.

Wishing to praise and encourage to the utmost, I went through the entire *oeuvre* of Mr. Schlumberger with a fine sieve, choosing with care, for mention and reproduction, what I considered his finest achievements and screening out what seemed to me then, as it does now, his weak point: sculptural power. I gave full credit for the tri-dimensional quality apparent in many of the jewels, but sculptural value is a very different thing again. (I might add that in this study—of the kind to which, in my opinion, every jewellist of any pretension ought to be subjected, I enumerated and defined the elements constituting his style as follows: (a) plastic, (b) chromatic, (c) asymmetric, and (d) technical—



Brooch of gold creased surface with a diamond by Bernard Meadows. Third prize winner in the De Beers Jewellery Competition 1961, in the section of jewellery up to £100 value.

and I am honoured to note that, in his Introduction to the catalogue of the Schlumberger show, Mr. Charles Sterling has also pointed out these same elements).

I do not wish to sound overly severe, but on the other hand a critic has a duty to the public as well as to the artist (the second part of this proposition is presently generally disregarded but I hold to my antiquated principles on this head). And someone must now speak out and say that while Schlumberger and other contemporary jewellists are able to produce pleasant and graceful designs, with an occasional flight above this, their achievements do not have the depth, maturity, and originality that would enable us to hope that in future ages the XXth century will rank with the Renaissance.

In the recent Schlumberger show, for instance, a sketch for a blackamoor showed only the merest indication of a negroid head, with no facial characteristics whatsoever, while the detail of the costume was indicated minutely, down to the most precise delineation of the stones in their setting. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained from Mr. Schlumberger that, from the indications on the drawing, the heads (for there is a whole series of blackamoors) are executed by skilled craftsmen ("sculptors!" Robert Baillie would have said) while to others goes the task of reproducing the finery in all its detail. As I objected to the sameness of the heads, Mr. Schlumberger ventured that some minor differences were present. With all the good will in the world, I could not see anything more than the almost imperceptible variations that necessarily result from manifold hand work albeit on a pattern adhered to as closely as possible.

Basically, was there very much difference between these and the head of carved coral, meretriciously Oriental!—in the semblance of a tepid and effeminate Buddha—that was offered under the form of a jewelled clip in the Cartier Christmas catalogue just received then? There also, a commonplace basic motive of little sculptural value (if any at all) could be made to serve as the vehicle for an endless series of minor decorative variations, as meaningless and as devoid of true originality as the multitudinous shifts in a kaleidoscope, and almost as much the result of pure chance. Artifacts, yes. Art, no.

This aloofness of the jewellist from his work—and of course the examples of Schlumberger and of Cartier have been cited only as typical of current practices—seems to me

an insuperable obstacle to really great accomplishments in the field of jewellery. Most definitely, to my mind, it rules out as inane any comparison with Cellini, regardless of any amount of technical and mechanical virtuosity.

Integrity is the priceless ingredient needed in modern jewellery. Our jewellists too often are satisfied to take the easy way out. In some instances, they rely too heavily, although I am ready to grant perhaps unconsciously and in perfect good faith, on the inspiration of the Renaissance or the Baroque: shells, wreaths, cupids, dolphins, blackamoors, sunbursts, etc., only superficially modernised (Schlumberger, Dali, Verdura, etc.). Others, while they think of themselves as daring innovators are just as obviously in debt to the Egyptian, Etruscan, Celtic, etc., traditions, and we trace in their work modified versions of the gorget, the collarete, the torque, the cylinder ring, etc. Never entirely absent also is the still lingering hypnotism of African and Oriental art. Atavism and exoticism of this sort is morbid and sterile.

This hodge-podge of precious baubles, like the heap of gems in the enchanted cavern of Oriental tales, may be of the sort into which a woman would like to plunge her arms up to the elbows. But hodge-podge it remains nevertheless and until our jewellists evolve a strong and disciplined epochal style—allowing room for personal expression, never in any case entirely extinguishable—we are forced to the conclusion that even the much-maligned *Art Nouveau* at least was a recognisable "presence". So far our age cannot claim even that measure of credit.

It is one thing to prize what we have, and nurture it if we can to a richer harvest—it is another to delude both ourselves and the artists with ridiculous comparisons. Do we even *want* a Cellini? Should we not count ourselves well satisfied if we are so fortunate as to find in our midst some sincere and gifted jewellists able to hypostatise in the form of jewels the true significance of our age, with all its virtues as well as its limitations?

News from the London Galleries

DECEMBER CHOICE

By P. M. T. SHELDON-WILLIAMS

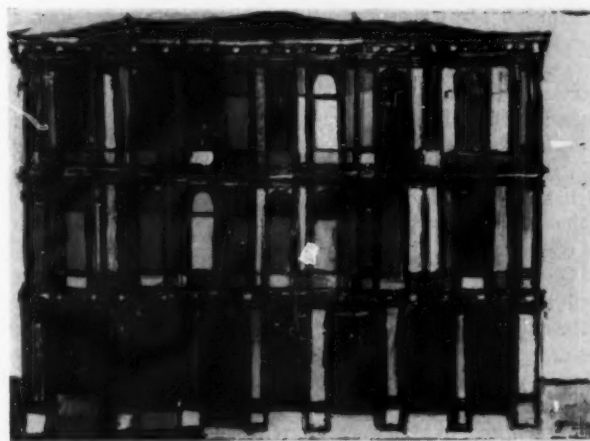
Sicilians have a reputation for violence. Whether Guiseppe Gambino will live up to this definition—perhaps the soft romantic atmosphere of Venice has tempered his ardent island temperament—or succumb to the logical standards of Latin painting remains for us to see in future exhibitions. The rash paint—even when twisted into a Sicilian homestead—has the formal Italian refinement which gives him the entrée into cultured Salons. Earth colours have been brought to Venice by Gambino—and civilised. His people are in the Modigliani tradition. On view at the new St. Martin's Gallery at 11 St. Martin's Court off St. Martin's Lane.

More familiar, but so rare in Britain: Gromaire (Mayor Gallery). A few landscapes, but mostly young girls, these drawings and watercolours had to be begged from the painter. He is a slow worker. Even to assemble the current group of drawings is an achievement. The girls (from 1953 to 1960) are the Gromaire of the *Fortune Teller*, the *Spring* and *Harvest*, all thighs, posteriors, and breasts like cante-loupes, their faces lost in a curtain of fetishist hair. As drawings they have clearer facial features than those of an earlier date, but otherwise the treatment is the same, geometrically erotic but with a dark streak that has earned Gromaire the description of expressionist.

To have the opportunity of seeing the recent great in their prime or today's giants as young men is always fascinating. The young Evelyn Waugh, all crumpled red tie, youthful gaping mouth, and slopping beer mug makes an historical oil portrait—on a less obvious plain, "Mr. Kenneth Clark", a drawing that is unmistakably today's knighted connoisseur shorn of a few decades, or the study for the recumbent Lytton Strachey—the Henry Lamb Memorial Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries has many such to please those who collect quality portraits of important people. The drawings will probably attract most. Besides the V.I.P.s, Lamb shows in the studies he made of his wife and of John's own Dorelia just how close the two were as draughtsmen, both in subject and manner.

Another rich display of graphic work opens the new Seven Arts Gallery at 49 South Molton Street. After Picasso's Dove presiding over a rainbow, come Delft blue Braque lithographs, and a wall covered with late Chagalls. Of special interest: 11 delicate El Lissitzkys, presumably before his "Prounism" and Suprematist days, tell the old cautionary tale of "Der Herr denn schickt den Jockel aus". There are twelve black woodcuts by the Russian, Favorsky, "The Road to Samarkand", a series of traditional Russian Fairy Tale subjects (reminiscent of the 'finely illustrated' editions which John Lane brought out in the twenties). For purists, a welcome opportunity to see a large collection of Morandi etchings. Three Juan Gris portrait drawings are as beautiful as they are curious.

Gerald Moore dominates the Woodstock Gallery. Moore is an ex-prodigy from the films. A child actor of major rôles who turned serious and qualified in dentistry and medicine. This is his fourth exhibition in London, and he is also a pub-



GAMBINO: Venice, St. Martin's Gallery.



HENRY LAMB: Dodo (Dorelia), pencil drawing, Leicester Galleries.

lished poet. His paintings are coarse and large, but not always without power. The savage street scene where leather-jackets have just brought a brawl to its conclusion (one of them is supine—knocked out? killed?) while a line of 'brides' stretch into infinity is quite explosive; so is the pastiche of Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* (big and brazen). Two ladies are also showing with him, one called Klein and the other Webb.

Seen in passing—a charming riverbank landscape by Peppercorn the British Impressionist who lived and studied in France—hanging in the window of G. M. Lotinga. A collector who can match Peppercorn's brilliance ought to snap this up. Inside, the gallery has its usual rich display of Barbizon School (notably Daubigny's *L'Etang* of 1868).

One of the best drawings in London (out of captivity), *Thadée Natanson* as an old man by Vuillard, is in the Autumn Exhibition at the Reid Gallery. Of historical interest: Renoir in his Ingres period, a study for the famous *Bathers* of 1883. The drawing shews details of belly and thigh of Suzanne Valadon, the model for the nymphs. A telltale swelling betrays the presence of the unborn Utrillo. Other attractive items include *The Cat* by Bonnard (a charcoal masterpiece, but not inexpensive), a black and sanguine drawing, *Julie Manet and Jeannie Pontillon at the Piano* by Berthe Morisot, and—something of a rarity, especially in Britain—a brightly coloured pastel by Amand-Jean. The John drawing bears out the high standard of Henry Lamb at the Leicester Galleries—what's in a name?

O'Hana is showing an assorted group of some 30 painters and sculptors who the Gallery believe have an important future, but whose work is currently still in the middle price bracket. Familiarity with their work will depend upon how closely you follow these novitiates. Some like André Bicat are just receiving the recognition they should have had years ago. Others like Miguel Herrero and Duncan Johnston (sculptor) are making early reputations which ought to attract

discriminating young collectors. Herrero's matadors, particularly the one with the sedate matrona (an amusing echo of a famous Ecole de Fontainebleau picture), are spindly examples of the kind of graphic work that keeps Spain a cultural entity from the rest of Europe. Johnston's sculpture is tall and angular, more in the Rodin vein than Moore's. Bicat shows that years of Candide-like withdrawal have refined his talent to the point where it exerts a wider attraction; as well as the paintings, there is one of his latest picture-reliefs.

Larionov and Goncharova, on display as painters rather than theatrical designers for the Opera and Ballet, fill to some extent a gap in the soi-distant cultural continuity. What emerges from the exhaustive exhibition at the Arts Council Exhibition in St. James's Square is that Michel Larionov (the father of Rayonism) was the painter, his lifelong partner Natalia Goncharova was the decorator.

Mme. Perigot de la Tour, herself a painter, has brought the French section of the Club International Feminin from the Musée d'Art Moderne to the galleries of the Institut Français. The interest here is in the sharp distinction between the gifted amateurs and the wholly professional. Mariette Lydis needs no introduction to a British public. She contributes three gossamer studies. Out of this group it is the modern artists who claim the attention. Suzanne Tourte, with a large following in the U.S.A., South America and Eastern Europe, has two canvases of obvious Ecole de Paris rating, well painted and with the chic modernity that makes them acceptable to collectors who seek thoroughly reliable examples of this style. Her tall panel-like painting with its rich earth pigments is specially commended. Stella Mertens hovers on the edge of non-figuration with expressionist landscapes that possibly owe something to Soutine—flaming colours, but skilfully controlled paintwork.

Lichees in cream have an almost fluorescent milky hue; this is the colour (flavour?) one takes away from the exhibition of H. B. Brabazon's watercolours at the Leger Galleries. Seventy of these include small works which are like amulets, tokens of magic drawn from his divers travels in Europe, Egypt, Morocco and Tunis. Brabazon (born Sharpe) was a close friend of Ruskin and Sargent. He studied in Rome and later became an important figure in the New English Art Club. Following his first one-man exhibition at Goupils in 1892 when he was over 70 (for which Sargent wrote the foreword), he was recognised as one of the foremost watercolourists of his day. He was born in 1821, but it was not until the 20's that his work became a steady vogue for British collectors. The new exhibition, one of a series which Legers have been mounting over the years, is an exciting event for any who wish to see the extraordinary delicacy to which the art of watercolour can aspire.

John Gridley is a young painter of great promise. If this statement sounds didactic, the proof must be a personal evaluation from visiting his exhibition at the Chiltern Galleries. At first sight his paintings look like nothing so much as X-ray photographs printed positive, but this is only their initial impact. A picture like *Table Lamp* is painted with much love and such professional finish that it is hard to believe the artist is so young. Gridley's 'blackberry' areas with their soft edges align themselves in a white field, sometimes joined by stretches of red, orange and umber. Other less easily identified dark colours lie just below the enveloping white. The dark elements are introduced sparingly, a refinement which gives the canvases a look of technical good taste, near enough to enthusiasm not to be lost in the arctic wastes of some non-figurative painting. I predict a great future for him.

NEWS FROM THE LONDON GALLERIES

With him, is Geoffrey Milman, friend of the late Baron Ensor. Milman has recently left his scratched expressionist style (Kokoschka-cum-Dubuffet) for a chalky kind of painting whose subjects could come from the same period. Both groups of his paintings are interesting. He is also exhibiting for the first time.

Publication of their new catalogue of British Views (ex London) by the Parker Gallery has brought a host of quickening enquiries. Rowlandson, Pugin and any number of print names can be bought at prices in the range: four to five guineas. This is a Christmas offer that will delight anyone from a Bradshaw enthusiast to the Curator of a Provincial Museum. The range of typographia is sweeping, and there is an intriguing hoard of unlisted desiderata like our illustration.

Before putting on the annual mixed exhibition, the Kaplan Gallery has the seven-month output of Anthony Harrison's work in Spain. Harrison is a sober painter of what the French would call "La Terre". All sixteen of the oil paintings represent the flavour of places in the province of Murcia. The pigment is brushed on thickly in a nest of curls upon a prepared ground of paint, sand and marble grit so that the interest area appears to be floating in a hot haze of throbbing dust. Immutable stands the village, unyielding to the sun's onslaught, but the atmosphere burns like a naked flame. These paintings are for hispanophiles and all who want to bring the baked earth of Spain into their homes. Harrison's aims are serious. His work commands respect; from some he should also receive enthusiasm.

Orientalists have their own seasonal exhibition at the Temple Gallery. As a follow-up to their exhibition of Ikons, the Gallery is showing a collection of Indian miniatures, drawn chiefly from the Mughal School, although there are examples of Rajput, Delhi, Lucknow and Murshidabad. The show also includes ten Persian miniatures, three of them by the famous Muhammed Hadi (very high quality). There are two delightful pages taken from a XVIIth Century manuscript of the Shahnama of Firdawsi—the miniatures are painted over the text—but otherwise most of the work is of XVIIIth and XIXth Century origin. Hadi's contributions, two of which are signed, are "Pink Carnations", and two illustrations of The Nightingale and the Rose (Gul u Bulbul).

Three great emperors—Akbar Khan, Shah Jehan, and Jahan Gir—appear in portraits, and there is an interesting byway of history provided by the subject of Javid Khan, a Eunuch of the Serai invested with the title of Nabob Bahadre and with full control of affairs. This exalted dignitary was subsequently put to death by the Nabob Sudfer Jung in 1752. His golden hour remains for us in a work of art, his fall from glory becomes a footnote.

An event which may become annual if it is successful is the first Music in Painting Exhibition at the Upper Grosvenor Gallery. On display are a variety of pictures underlining the strong connection between the two arts—a connection which Mr. David Nicholson in his catalogue argues is on the wane, although no painter has possibly ever done more for the guitar than Picasso and it is not so far distant in time for those with reasonable memories to recall the Music and Painting exhibition by modern artists (painters and sculptors) at the old Guggenheim Jeune Gallery in Cork Street. The current show keeps fairly strictly to the XVIIth, XVIIIth and XIXth centuries, and differs further from its predecessor by displaying instruments—strings and keyboard—side by side with the pictures.

There is particular interest in a clavichord made by Morley and decorated by Joan Hassall (following the example



JUDITH LEYSTER: Musicians, oil on canvas, Upper Grosvenor Galleries.

of Whistler and William Morris)—Morleys are attempting to revive this craft and the Gallery is taking orders. Other instruments which catch the eye are a square piano by Jacobus Ball (1790), a Forte Piano by Stodart (1810), and a Harpsichord of 1770 by Longmans.

The Guildhall and the Royal Academy of Music are lending pictures, and the Royal College of Music has let the Gallery have its portraits of Haydn, Handel and Mozart on loan.



A Seasonal Print from the Parker Gallery.

THE LIBRARY SHELF

DERBY PORCELAIN

Reviewed by HUGH TAIT

"Derby Porcelain", by F. Brayshaw Gilhespy, F.S.A., 13 coloured plates, 170 monochrome illustrations. MacGibbon & Kee. £9.9.0.

TEN years ago, Dr. Gilhespy's first book, *Crown Derby Porcelain* was published. Realising that this title was misleading, Dr. Gilhespy has called his second book simply *Derby Porcelain*. For the knowledgeable collector the term 'Crown Derby porcelain' is reserved for the products of the Derby china factory between 1784-1811, whilst, for the layman, it is a term loosely applied to the products of the entirely new company which opened a factory in 1876 under the name of 'the Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Company'—the old Derby China Works having closed in 1848. In both books, Dr. Gilhespy is concerned with telling the story of the old Derby China Works, an unbroken history of almost a hundred years from about 1750 to 1848.

When Dr. Gilhespy wrote his first book in 1951, the need for a monograph on Derby porcelain was urgent for, apart from a most unsatisfactory monograph by Frank Harlbrelt in 1925, the only book wholly devoted to this factory and its wares was John Haslem's *The Old Derby China Factory: the workmen and their productions* (published in 1876)—a splendidly solid, reliable work of reference in the best Victorian manner, for John Haslem wrote with a personal knowledge of the facts, 'having spent as boy and man, thirteen years in painting at the works' and having an uncle who had been manager for about thirty years.

Dr. Gilhespy's new book is however, much more than a supplement to Haslem—so handsomely produced and so profusely illustrated. It is a most attractive volume to add to one's library.

The text begins with an excellent foreword by Mr. Arthur Thorpe, the present curator of the Derby Museum and Art Gallery who, in the light of the recent discoveries of documents relating to the early days of the Longton Hall and Bow porcelain factories, is perhaps unduly pessimistic about the chances of our ever possessing 'sufficient indisputable evidence' about the early days of china making in Derby. However, he wisely cautions the reader: 'mere reiteration, no matter by how many writers nor over how long a period, will never transmute the circumstantial into the documentary.' This warning is especially apposite in the early years of china making in Derby concerning which there are so few hard facts. Dr. Gilhespy has been a model of caution, resisting the temptation to waste his reader's time on idle speculation about the beginnings of the factory and its first products. He does, however, accept as Derby products the three famous

white cream-jugs with strawberries around the foot, one of which is incised 'Derby', another 'D 1750' and the third 'D'. This acceptance predicates the existence of other similar pieces of Derby made about 1750—a problem which the author does not attempt to tackle, let alone solve, since the seventeen pieces he illustrates as products made before 1756, the year of the first factory sales, are quite unrelated in appearance and character to the three famous cream-jugs.

Dr. Gilhespy takes his reader through the history of the factory and its successive productions with a highly personal narrative. He emerges from his text as a collector who has for very many years enjoyed himself with Derby porcelain

and in his enthusiasm, his reminiscences and his anecdotes, he would have us share his happiness.

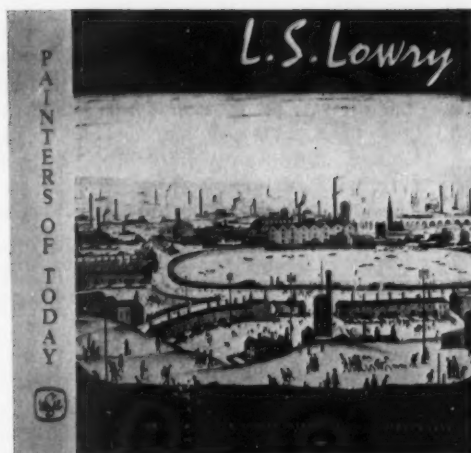
Only at one stage did his text leave me confused. In his chapter, 'Growth and Decline of the Factory', I could not establish when he thought the factory began to decline. He seems to agree with the critics of Derby that the glorious era ended in 1795 (p. 36) when Michael Kean took over the management and many of the craftsmen left. But is it the sign of a declining factory to replace the original factory of 1756 by a large new nearby building in 1789? Furthermore, he points out (p. 37) that the new artists who arrived to replace the old were often equally gifted or more so, as in the case of 'Quaker' Pegg, who worked at Derby from 1786-1801 and 1813-1820.

Indeed, a great many of the illustrations in this book (Cordon's portraits, for example) demonstrate the high quality and ambitious painting on Derby porcelain from 1796-1840 and Appendix IX quotes Bernard Rackham's essay in praise of the landscape motif on 'Derby china in the early decades of the XIXth century . . . but nowhere to skilfully or with such happy effect as at Derby'. I think if he wishes to appear 'as a protagonist of the factory', Dr. Gilhespy could have courageously put the date of the decline back to about 1840 only eight years before the factory's closure.

No doubt, the real cause of the factory's closure was not that Bloor 'debased the coinage' in 1811 by using up the store of ware in the white and decorating it with shoddily painted flowers or sprigs but as Boswell records after Dr. Johnson's visit to the Derby China Works in September 1777: 'The China was beautiful but Dr. Johnson justly observed it was too dear; for that he could have vessels of silver of the same size as cheap as what were here made of porcelain'.



Plate 118. The Duke of Wellington after Sir Thomas Lawrence by W. Corden on plaque 7½ in. x 6½ in.



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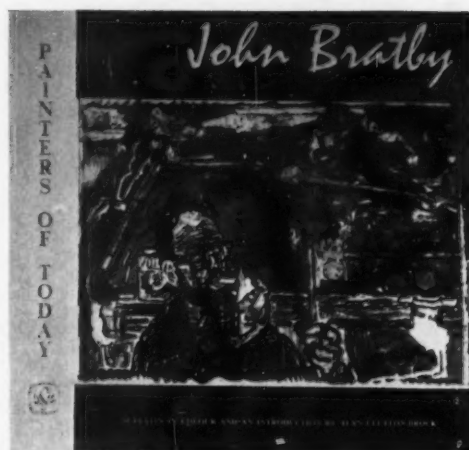
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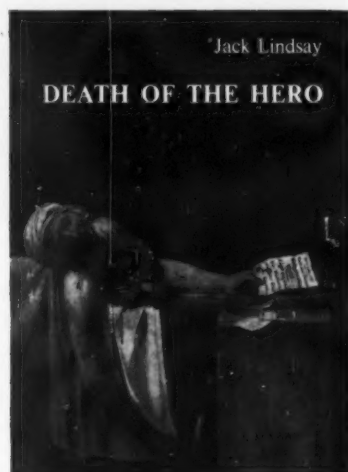
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THE HORIZON BOOK

OF THE RENAISSANCE

Reviewed by G. Scott Thomson

AS Dr. J. H. Plumb shows in his introduction to this sumptuous volume, the Renaissance is a word which carries with it many implications and covers a very wide field of art and learning. In common phraseology it is a period in which these manifestations of human activity appear to burst into flower almost suddenly, and perhaps one can add, to droop and die almost as suddenly; yet history shows that in fact the seed of such endeavours were sown long before the flower appeared, and retained life long after their apparent decease. Something of what went before is here shown in the fine illustration (p. 11) of the Cathedral at Orvieto, a mixture of Gothic and Byzantine.



Michaelangelo's Pieta in St. Peter's, Rome.

There follows a series of superb pictures in colour and in black and white, reinforced and explained by narratives supplied by a number of writers, each on his or her own special subject. The headings of each section show how, while the word Italy itself had been since the days of the Romans and was long to continue, merely a geographical expression, yet within that peninsula, Italian genius showed itself in the separate principalities, not forgetting the Papacy, and the towns whose rulers were very like princes, in fact merchant princes. It has indeed been pointed out that this Renaissance was essentially urban. Moreover it represented wealth. Even in a period when that wealth was somewhat in decline, there was still sufficient and more than sufficient to enable those in power to finance the architecture, the paintings and with

them the other arts, creating so much of enduring beauty. The remarkable fact is that there were artists at their command, drawn from very different classes of society. Sir Kenneth Clark, enriching the volume with his story of the young Michelangelo, points out that this great artist was almost the only one among them of aristocratic birth. Alongside him stands such a one as Leonardo da Vinci the illegitimate offspring of a lawyer and a serving woman. Petrarch, poet and humanist was the son of an impoverished attorney. The genius of these men and their fellows was nourished and used by the princes and merchants. Here is Michaelangelo's *Pieta*, hackneyed exclaim the sophisticated, but for ever one of the great achievements of art combining the traditional form and deep religious feeling of the middle ages with the sculptural beauty of the Renaissance. Mr. Ralph Roeder shows how the Medici family adorned Florence; with Cosimo building and ornamenting his great palace, filling the rooms with treasures and causing Gozzali to paint the story of the journey of Magi (page 156) on the walls of the chapel, himself in the procession.



Francesco Foscari wearing the Doge's pointed cap.

Professor Trevor Roper in his turn tells the tale of the 'Golden Years' of Venice with its Doge Francesco Foscari. Bellini paints the Corpus Christi procession in the Piazza of St. Mark (page 282). The splendid coloured picture (page 290) of the Venetian Fleet is a reminder that this city faced the east; its galleys, built in the Government shipyards and privately, served for war as they did for trade. The Marchese Iris Origo speaks of the splendour that was Rome in the days of the Piccolomini Pope Pius II. His portrait (facing page 225) is reproduced from the manuscript of his memoirs. We may close by again quoting Dr. Plumb. The Renaissance, whose story is told in this volume was, he writes, "an age of genius and one of extraordinary panache".

**The Horizon Book of the Renaissance*. Edited by J. H. PLUMB. Collins. 5 guineas.

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DUTCH SILVER. By M. H. HANS and TH. M. DUYVENÉ DE WIT. Klinkhamer Faber. 97 pp. 144 pl. £2 12s. 6d. THE interest taken in all forms of Dutch art fully justifies the publication of a book in English on Dutch silver. Hitherto the only book available has been Frederiks's *Dutch Silver* which treats the subject exhaustively but is still incomplete after the appearance of the three quarto volumes. The authors of the present volume are well qualified for their task, one being a member of the staff of the Rijksmuseum and the other belonging to a well-known firm of silver-dealers at Amsterdam. It is a translation of a book which has already appeared in Holland, a fact which is unfortunate as English readers cannot be expected to know the Dutch background. The first of the five chapters is entitled *Stylistic Survey* and gives an elementary introduction to the succession of styles and the characteristic forms of vessels beginning with the Renaissance and ending with the Empire. It is readily admitted that it was really only during the XVIIIth century that Dutch silver stood on its own feet. Thereafter it was heavily indebted to outside influences, mainly French and English, though preserving a very distinctive character of its own. Less valuable is a short chapter on *Technical influences* which is followed by an admirable one on *Marks* which explains clearly exactly what information each stamp was designed to give. There are drawings of specimen town marks but for maker's marks and date-letters, the reader is directed to the works of the late Elias Voet. The chap-

ter on *Values and Forgeries* includes 21 points to remember when examining a piece of doubtful authenticity. Speaking of the repatriation of Dutch silver from England in the post-war years, it is remarked that "there was a great deal of Dutch silver in England and much silver was made in Holland directly for the English market, so that far more was preserved there than in Holland itself". This is not true. Although in the XVIIIth century a number of Dutch goldsmiths came to England tempted by the possibility of making richer pieces than were customary in bourgeois Holland, there is little evidence to suggest that much Dutch silver was imported until the XIXth century. England caught the collecting mania early and large amounts of valuable Dutch silver was imported as a result of the scouring of the Continent by antique dealers after the fall of Napoleon. There was plenty of Dutch silver available as many mercantile families had been ruined by the long blockade of Holland. The final chapter on *Silver in Use* comments briefly on the principle articles made in silver in Holland and the manner of their use. *Apropos* of the familiar great salt surmounted by three brackets or balls—is there really any evidence that it was covered by a napkin? This tale used to be told of English salts of similar form but no evidence was ever produced in support of it. Certainly the salts shown in Dutch paintings support a dish of fruit and not a napkin. It is interesting to note that the general use of forks began later in Holland than in this country and that the silver coffee pot only arrived from

England late in the XVIIIth century. Previously a spouted coffee urn on three feet had been in use. There is a brief bibliography. The plates are excellent, covering a wide range of objects and including a number of unfamiliar Roman Catholic ritual pieces. It is a pity that there is no list of illustrations giving brief accounts of the individual pieces and the name of the owner. The index gives only the names of goldsmiths. CHARLES OMAN

ARCHITECT AND PATRON. By FRANK JENKINS. Oxford University Press. 35s.

BOOKS on architecture are plentiful these days and every publisher has a number on his list which deal with various aspects of historical and modern architecture. There have, however, been few, if any, books dealing with the subject of the architect and his client. Mr. Frank Jenkins' book "Architect and Patron", published by the Oxford University Press, is therefore, most welcome, as it surveys the relationship of the architect and those who commission his work, from the XVIth century to the present day in the light and practice and conditions in England. The book is important because it deals with architecture not in terms of architectural style and building technique, but of human beings and human relationships.

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client in place of the Church, the book proceeds historically through the XVth and early XVIIth centuries when the surveyor and master workman came into prominence, to the beginnings of the architectural profession in the latter half of the XVIIth century. A good deal of the book is devoted to the work of the great architects of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, and deals in some detail with the activities of such people as Christopher Wren, John Nash and other great names of this period.

The beginnings of architectural training in relation to the XIXth century activities of the architectural profession are studied, together with the pupilage system which laid the foundations of modern architectural education. Chapter 10 is concerned with architectural practice in the XIXth century, with particular reference to the work of such people as Scott, Pugin and Morris. Finally the book surveys the modern scene and examines the present position, bringing it up-to-date with a reference to the now famous Oxford Conference of the R.I.B.A., where the outline of architectural education in the future was laid down.

The book is a fascinating study of the architect and his patron or client and it is enlivened by many quotations and extracts from historical documents, letters and accounts, which give a fascinating picture of the way in which the growth of the architectural profession has affected the relationship of the designer with those who commission his work.

The author is an architect by profession, and a teacher of architecture, and this

work should be of great value to architectural students and young architects in helping them to see the paths by which the present position of the profession has been reached. It is hoped that it will be widely read, not only by architects, but by their present day clients who may, as a result, acquire a better understanding of the aims of the architectural profession and the way in which it can continue to render an increasingly valuable service to the community.

Architecture affects the lives of everyone and a study of this book will help readers to understand the way in which the greatest benefit can be gained from the close collaboration between those who need buildings and those who provide them. To quote the final words of the last chapter, Sir John Wolfenden reminded architects and their clients of their responsibilities in these words, which should be remembered by all concerned with building: "... What is very clear to me is the profundity of the influence, ceaselessly and remorselessly exercised on every single one of us, for 24 hours of each day of our lives, by the results of your space-enclosing activities".

EDWARD D. MILLS
ANGLO-SAXON COINS. Studies presented to Sir Frank Stenton. Edited by R. H. M. DOLLEY. Methuen. 63s. Anglo-Saxon coins are attracting more and more attention as their historical significance is illuminated by the revolutionary numismatic discoveries currently being made. Sir Frank Stenton, the most distinguished historian of Anglo-Saxon society, has played a leading part in the

encouragement of this branch of numismatic research—in particular his chairmanship of the Sylloge Committee of the British Academy may be mentioned—and it is appropriate that this tribute, presented to him on his 80th birthday, should be devoted to Anglo-Saxon coins. The book contains papers by many of the scholars whose work is having such important results, and perfectly fulfils the expressed aim of providing a guide to the present state of the subject that is, at the same time, itself a major contribution to it. The unity of theme is a welcome change from the more familiar diversity of such volumes and the result is a book that will certainly be, for many years, an indispensable work of reference. There are papers on the coinings of Offa, Ethelwulf, Alfred and on the reforms of Edgar, on the Northumbrian Viking Coins in the Cuerdale Hoard and on the Viking Age Coin hoards from Ireland. There are papers on the transitional period from Roman Britain to Saxon England, and on the Byzantine influence, or lack of it, on English Coinage. Numismatists will be particularly grateful for the revision of Hildebrand's *Anglosachsiska Mynt* and for a detailed study of the metrology of the English Penny from 973-1035. This list does not exhaust the riches of the book, but one other paper deserves special mention: Mr. Grierson has contributed a discussion of the meaning of the word 'sterling' that appears to have settled the question once and for all. The editor and publishers are to be congratulated on this handsome book. PETER SAWYER.

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THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER.

By A. J. FINBERG. Second edition, with a Supplement by Hilda F. Finberg. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 63s. net.

WHAT is valuable in Turner, to posterity, is his painting and drawing. His achievement stands, his stature undiminished by time. Posterity is also interested in what Ruskin wrote about Turner, but more by reason of its concern with Ruskin's prose than for what Ruskin set out to do, which was to trumpet and value Turner as a pre-eminent genius. Turner himself said that Ruskin's admiration, though 'wild in enthusiasm', gave him 'no ray of pleasure'. Turner knew that he painted from compulsion, for his own pleasure, and for understanding by fellow artists, and every word quoted about Turner's painting in this monumental life seems only to emphasize the fact that art criticism (as opposed to the *history* of art and artists) is often beside the point, and sometimes fatuous.

After a wonderfully successful life, Turner suffered, posthumously more than most great men. G. W. Thornbury published a shockingly bad life, in 1861; greedy relations perverted a will by which Turner hoped to benefit poor painters, and it is only within our own time, in 1939 to be precise, that a properly documented biography was at last published; even then the author, A. J. Finberg, did not survive to see it in print. But his widow did, and by the year 1958 she had accumulated enough supplementary material to warrant a revised edition. Although she herself did not live to super-

vise the printing of this revision, it is now issued by the Clarendon Press, and it therefore comprises the harvest of half a century of devoted, level-headed research. It renders all earlier biographies of Turner suspect, and he who would discover the true outline of the career of this artist must look herein. There are rewards on every page not flowers of writing, but hard won fact and sure proportion. This is not a eulogy of a hero, but a map of the life-work of a man who knew what he could do, and who did it superlatively.

OLIVER WARNER.

FLOWER PAINTING. By JOHN MILLS, F.R.S.A. Pitman. 30s.

MOST amateurs and a good many exhibitors would find something to their advantage in Mr. John Mills' admirable little compendium on "Flower Painting".

He begins with a short historical survey, from Hellenistic murals and mosaics, mediaeval religious paintings, Renaissance decorations, the XVIIth century Dutch masters and the Impressionists to the moderns, illustrating his sketch from Le Maître de Kerode, Seghers, Jan van Huysum and Fantin-Latour, his flower-painter-in-chief. Regrettably, not one of the nine colour plates is devoted to this great painter of flowers.

Mr. Mills is emphatically practical. Pen, pencil or brush drawings not only dissect the structure of different types of flowers and leaves and of flower arrangements in a variety of containers and against contrasting backgrounds but also explain composition-building and composition-analysis. A helpful chapter tells the beginner just what materials he will

need. Oils, water-colours, tempera and pastel are separately discussed, brushes, colours, supports and knives described. Three how-to-do-it photographs make simple the tiresome job of paper-stretching. A full lesson in handling the several oil techniques ends with insistence on the careful cleaning of brushes, knives and palette; the proper cleaning materials are named and their uses described in painstaking detail. Water-colour, gouache, tempera and pastel techniques are exhaustively dealt with. Full-page examples of Mr. Mills' paintings in these media, at different stages, ending with a coloured reproduction, demonstrate the varied nature of possible treatments.

A useful glossary completes the book.

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ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE.

By F. GORDON ROE. Phoenix House Ltd. 30s. net.

HIGH prices always make news; but when applied to auction sales of antique furniture, they are of little other than academic interest to the average man and woman who wish to include in their furnishing some furniture made before the machine age. F. Gordon Roe writes particularly for Mr. and Mrs. Average and his "English Cottage Furniture" has been one of my favourites ever since its first appearance in 1949. Now he has revised and enlarged it with additional illustrations and fresh information in many parts, and with three new chapters intriguingly titled 'Of Certain Chairs', 'Of Tables and Counters' and 'Of Fakes and Finds'.

FLOWER PAINTING

By John Mills

John Mills has written a fascinating book about painting flowers which will have an immediate appeal to students and to amateur artists. He discusses the history of flower painting, flower arrangement, lighting and composition and framing. The various media such as oil, tempera, water-colour, etc., and the techniques suitable to each are also fully dealt with as well as the most suitable equipment. The author has illustrated the book himself with examples of flower painting. 30/- net.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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of the Victoria and Albert Museum

While giving a full account of technical development, Mr. Hayward's main concern is to study and explain the styles of ornament used to enrich firearms and, in many cases, to transform them into works of art. This volume, the first of two, is complete in itself. The work as a whole is the culmination of thirty years' study of the subject. 64 plates (4 in colour). 304 pp. 70s.

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BARRIE & ROCKLIFF

THE LIBRARY SHELF

Whilst this is not an 'oldie worldie' book, sighing for the good old days—that never were—it is a gracious book, written in restful and conversational manner by a man with a well stored mind. It is not concerned with the homes of the nobility in the past, nor the chromium-plated - television - cocktail - bar - super-car standard of today. It is chatty but not vague; it clothes the bones of furniture with a picture of the people for whom it was made.

Mr. Roe, in his book, describes Charles R. Beard as 'a humanistic antiquary if ever there was one'. The description also fits Gordon Roe and you can learn much profitably and with enjoyment from this book, which evokes good conversation, an easy chair, soft light, a log fire and your favourite drink and smoke to hand.

E. H. PINTO.

ENGLISH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By GEORGE SAVAGE. Oldbourne. £11 10s.

THIS sumptuous volume is one of a series called *The International Library of Antique Art*. It is of generous size, 13 by 10 inches, and illustrated copiously with 184 plates finely printed in four-colour offset-lithography and heliogravure. The specimens are shown on an imposingly large scale, and the Swiss photographer, Hans Hinz, deserves every praise for his work. Mr. Savage's text supplements the pictures with a series of introductions to the various makers, and he has provided comprehensive captions.

It is pleasing to find English pottery and porcelain elevated to this status; one

that it deserves and all too rarely receives. The consistent spelling of the word colour as 'color', and others in a similar way unfamiliar to English readers, indicates the trans-Atlantic audience for whom the book has been prepared principally, and by whom it should be very well received.

The only comparable publication is that dealing with Lady Ludlow's collection, issued in 1932. It recorded, of course, only pieces in that one ownership, but the present volume contains examples from a number of different sources including some from Luton Hoo, the property of Major-General Sir Harold Wernher, the owner of the late Lady Ludlow's collection. In a few instances plates in both books illustrate the same pieces, and it is instructive to compare them and notice the advances made in photographic and printing techniques in 30 years.

GEOFFREY WILLS.

KUNIYOSHI. By B. W. ROBINSON (Deputy Keeper of Metalwork, Victoria & Albert Museum). Published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 27s. 6d.

As a study of an artist this book is a remarkable achievement. For in 24 pages is told, clearly and concisely, everything that is known and really matters about Kuniyoshi's life and development. This is no mean feat in terms of an artist of such versatility and vast output.

The rest of the text is in the form of tables and appendices which give the many and varied forms of the artist's signature at different periods of his career, the main series of his prints, and

the Censors' and publishers' seals found on them.

Perhaps one of the most useful tables is the Chronology of the artist's life (1797-1861) giving the various cyclical dates (Year of the Horse, Goat, Monkey, etc.), for this style of dating was very much used on art objects during the last years of feudal Japan. This table and the illustrations of the prints themselves, so many relating as they do to history, legend, and drama, make this book invaluable in identifying 'subjects' to collectors of all branches of Japanese art.

If the standard of the text and information given about Kuniyoshi and his work is high, that of the illustrations is, if anything, even higher. In 99 plates are seen the scope and immense variety of this man's work, the last and many consider one of the greatest, of the Japanese print artists of the old school.

Kuniyoshi is usually associated with the dramatic; with prints of warriors and heroes, battles, legends, and of course actor prints. This book shows him to be a first class artist and one who worked in many styles. Not least in the naturalistic, for his cat studies are remarkable both artistically and for the observation and study required to have produced them.

With an artist so prolific over a long working life and whose prints were issued by so many different publishers, one cannot hope to identify every print met with from this book but it is certainly possible to find the majority and at least to date approximately the 'unrecordeds'.

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METHUEN

WOODEN BYGONES OF SMOKING AND SNUFF TAKING.

By EDWARD H. PINTO. Hutchinson. 30s. COLLECTOR, expert on social history in wood, son and grandson of cigar-merchants, Mr. Edward H. Pinto has written a monograph which will excite the envy of other collectors, have its uses for other social historians and delight everybody who, smoker or not, likes looking backwards.

After sketching briefly the history of tobacco, he deals with pipes and pipe-cases, first with fragile English clays, for which a wooden case was essential, then with hardwood Continental pipes having scenes carved on their bowls which make them "documentaries in wood". Next comes a study of tobacco stoppers, hard little round objects once used to press tobacco down into the pipe-bowl; and because some were carved from famous trees, such as the Boscobel Oak, and others were carvings of famous people, such as the Duke of Wellington, often caricatured as disciplinarian and anti-smoker, many tobacco stoppers are documentaries also. Not less interesting is Mr. Pinto's treatment of tobacco jars and boxes, cut from woods like yew, mahogany or walnut, and most of them lead-lined for keeping tobacco in condition. Several fop's tobacco boxes of the XVIIIth century, which he describes, have mirror-lined lids.

Having outlined the history of snuff taking in England from William and Mary onwards, he quotes interesting facts and figures about snuff sellers and their prices, snuff buyers and their tastes, and

discusses the question of snuff rasps, some being described in detail. Delightful chapters on snuff boxes follow—on scores of snuff boxes, in all their pride of craftsmanship, their charm or ingenuity or humour, their infinite and bewildering variety.

Illustrations of more than 300 objects on 50 half-tone plates range from such tall old tobacconists' signs as the Blackmoor and the Highlander to small cigar-piercers and minute snuff spoons and include a pipe mould, a snuff mallet and the working parts of snuff rasps. The frontispiece shows the two sides of "a superbly carved snuff box, hollowed out of a 4½ in. diameter block of boxwood, probably near Nancy, some 300 years ago".

And the book has a trustworthy index.

MARGARET LOVELL RENWICK
THE ART OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

An introduction to Byzantine art 330-1453. By JOHN BECKWITH. Phaidon Press. Pp. 152, 203 plates. 32s. 6d.

ART history has too often been divided from social history and from archaeology. For changing art forms may reflect changes in social structure and as in archaeology the subject of art history is the object in itself; a photograph can never be a substitute. But Mr. Beckwith is an expert historian, and has an intimately personal knowledge of the works of art that he describes. This combined with his gift for precision in phrase gives his study of Constantinopolitan art a significance even wider than his subject. He deals expertly in sequence with the period between the IVth and the VIIth century,

with the iconoclast controversy, with the IXth to the XIIth century, with the Frankish conquest and with the Palaeologan revival. His book is the result of years of original research. Perhaps only fellow Byzantinists can realise the far reaching consequence of the originality of his conclusions. Thus he places the Hellenistic floor mosaics discovered by Professor Talbot Rice at the site of the Great Palace as late VIth century instead of the early Vth. He suggests that the Colossus of Barletta belongs to the VIIth century not the fourth. He holds that the mosaic panel uncovered by Professor Whittemore in the south gallery of Haghia Sophia is late XIIIth century, not early XIIth. If such datings are accepted much of conventional Byzantine art history must be rewritten. I should record that having worked on most of the objects that Mr. Beckwith has discussed and having read and re-read his *Art of Constantinople*, I have frequently been convinced that Mr. Beckwith is right, I have never been convinced that he is wrong.

The adjective 'Byzantine' has often been used very loosely. It was an admirable conception of Mr. Beckwith to limit his study to work most probably produced at the Byzantine capital and so to give a new precision to the term. But as a result of his research it is becoming clear that much the greater part of the first order is in fact Constantinopolitan. In one of the most brilliant lectures ever given at the Courtauld Institute Mr. Beckwith has already proved that the ivory chair of Maximian at Ravenna was from a workshop at Constantinople. As

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part of the programme of Imperial Benefactions, craftsmen could be despatched from the Imperial workshops as well as finished products. It seems likely that this is the explanation in the VIth century of the Mosaic of the Transfiguration in the monastery of Sinai and in the XIth and XIIth centuries of the mosaics at Hosios Loukas, Nea Moni and Daphni; each of these abbeys ranked as an Imperial foundation, a 'Basilike Mone'. For my part I would go a little further than Mr. Beckwith. The XIIth century wall paintings in the church of St. Pantelimon at Nerez in Macedonia have long seemed to me to be Constantinopolitan; it is known that the church was decorated at the command of one of the Imperial House. And though I would agree that the dark red glass bowl, enamelled in white and grey, green, lilac and red, now in the treasury of San Marco, is clearly Byzantine of the Xth or early XIth century, I can see no reason to associate it with the small provincial town of Corinth; so beautiful an article de luxe would come more probably from the city.

Yet in this study the main lines of argument are impregnable. Consummate scholarship is linked with aesthetic intuition. In Mr. Beckwith English art history has at last found her Dr. Weitzmann. From a Byzantinist there can be no higher praise.

GERVASE MATHEW.

THE HISTORY OF SURREALIST PAINTING. By MARCEL JEAN. Translated from French by Simon Watson Taylor. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 4 gns.

As an art movement surrealism is unique. It may have had its official birth in 1924 with the proclamation of the surrealist manifesto by André Breton, yet in spirit it was also alive in the days when Bosch created his scenes of mystery and horror, and when Arcimboldo shaped a vegetable cornucopia into a human face. Despite manifestos, the common cause was the result of individual pursuits, and that is one of the reasons why a history of surrealism cannot be a history of a movement but must follow the chequered careers of artists who, through various individual means, arrived at a common attitude. In this context it is necessary to remember that about fifty per cent of the most important artists working in the first half of the XXth century belonged to the surrealist movement at one time or another.

Marcel Jean succeeds in presenting the reader with this very complex picture of a movement with a beginning but without a real end. This volume, which is certainly one of the most exciting expositions of art history I have read, was written between 1948 and 1959, and is the most comprehensive work on the subject to date. Translation from French by Simon Watson Taylor is excellent.

J. REICHARDT.

PICASSO'S PICASSOS. By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN. Macmillan, £7.7.0. THIS sumptuous volume has been published in honour of Picasso's eightieth birthday and is a unique photographic record of the 500 or more paintings salted away by the artist at his villa, La Californie, Cannes. The author is an American photographer of international repute who, since a chance meeting with Picasso in 1956, has been fired by an infectious enthusiasm for the artist's work. Sober art historians must not, therefore, allow themselves to be put off by the racy, frankly journalistic commentary which accompanies the photographs, and the general public will be able to identify themselves with the disingenuous stories the writer tells against himself about his misinterpretations of some of Picasso's subject matter.

We are told that the majority of these "hidden treasures" are totally unknown outside a very small circle of the artist's friends. This is an exaggeration since a sizeable proportion have been lent by the artist himself to one or other of the big international retrospective exhibitions during the past seven years or so, for example, the *Meninas* series shown at the Tate Gallery only last year. There are also the comprehensive catalogues of Monsieur Zervos. The author has produced 102 superb colour photographs (and a complete coverage in excellent monochrome plates of all the Villa La Californie collection) for which we should be exceedingly grateful. In some of the photographs of the early cubist paintings, David Duncan appears to have so lit the canvases that the illusion of the thickly impasted surface comes out forcibly on the finished print, plates 64 and 69 are remarkably three-dimensional, to choose but two examples.

There are certain puzzling features about Picasso's *Picassos* which the author does not elucidate. The plates are arranged in strict chronological order and up to 1936 the coverage of works to each year is on average in the ratio of two or three to a year, although there are no paintings for 1900, 1902-3, 1906, 1910-11 and there is a gap for the period 1915-17 (assuming the dating is correct). After the war, the only gap is for 1921, and then comes a spate of works from 1936 up to the outbreak of the second World War. It seems clear that by the mid-1930's Picasso's financial position enabled him to hoard at will. Then again, during 1940-50 the representation is quite meagre, and yet Picasso continued to paint and sculpt in defiance of the Occupation and has subsequently lent paintings of these years to exhibitions. One must infer, therefore, that Picasso has other hoards of his own paintings and perhaps we can look forward to further instalments of *Picasso's Picassos*.

DENNIS FARR.

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FABER

THE SALE OF THE CENTURY, INDEED

(The Erickson Collection of Old Masters dispersed November 15th, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York)

By M. L. D'OTRANGE MASTAI
American Editor

THE great event is over. The Erickson sale has taken place, with results that have fully justified the tentative title bestowed upon it well in advance. As this goes to press, information as to the fantastic prices achieved will already have been disseminated the world over. While figures of that kind are furnished below, it seems as if something more than a mere enumeration is called for in way of commemoration in our pages.

In my mind, and I feel sure in that of many if not all the witnesses of the event (or rather events, as we should really include the days of viewing, both private and public, when anticipation rose to fever pitch) the Erickson sale, above and beyond the financial results, will remain not as a record filed away in memory's bank but as a sort of hovering golden halo bestowing glamour and drama on every subsequent event of the kind. America has been taking great strides in "art appreciation" in the last two decades, but this was the leap to the stars. From now on, it is safe to predict that every man, woman, and child in America is going to think of art as of one of the vital realities of life. (Which of course is as it should be, and all to the best—although something of what can be the consequences when sincere enthusiasm is not reined by considered judgement may be found set forth in an article in this same number: *Reflections on Modern Jewellery*, page 205. Or, equally pertinently, we might ponder the recent statistics to the effect that New York City alone counts no less than twenty-thousand artists. Greece in her glory, Italy in her splendour, never boasted one tenth that number).

Golden, which came spontaneously to mind, does seem indeed the one term most applicable on every count to the Erickson sale. Not only because of the very feel of money in the air: as one reporter put it, one felt somehow elated to know that one was standing in a room crammed full of millionaires, and with a generous sprinkling of billionaires to boot. Nor because it required no great stretch of imagination, as the auctioneer called out the bids, to visualize the huge sums tumbling down by the sackful, under the form of golden ducats, scudis, guilders and louis d'or, on the altar of art while Crivelli, Rembrandt and Fragonard looked down wistfully from their respective Elysiums. But because, by an odd coincidence, the three paintings that achieved the highest prices were each one a splendid study in golden tones. Might one say that like called to like? Gold indeed was flung recklessly to purchase these three "golden" paintings: Crivelli's *Madonna and Child*, where even the skin tones of the Babe are of palest amber, his holy Mother's gown and his own are of sumptuous gold brocade, every detail of the picture and particularly the bulino background, chiselled out as by an infinitely skilful heavenly goldsmith—and the whole, framed in the magnificent golden ogival frame that was included in the reproduction of the painting in our November issue; Rembrandt's *Aristotle*, where, if the philosopher is garbed in sombre velvet, the large lawn sleeves of his under-



JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD: *La Liseuse*, 32 x 25½ in. 1776.

It sold for the sum of \$875,000. Purchased by Chester Dale of New York, for the National Gallery, Washington, D.C.

gown appear as gilded by an unseen light, and the long chain crossing his breast is a coruscating example of Rembrandt's magical power to transmute ordinary paint into a more precious metal than any ever mined by man, while the bust of Homer is bathed in a golden glow that seems of supernatural origin; and finally Fragonard's "*La Liseuse*", showing an auburn haired young girl clad in a saffron-yellow gown, of a luminous tint that is reflected on the silken material of the large pillow against which she is propped, the whole picture indeed appearing as if it both absorbed and radiated the light of some gorgeous sunset at our back.

In addition to the great Rembrandt which was sold for \$2,300,000 and acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the Fragonard illustrated above, the following were some of the highlights of the sale: Carlo Crivelli, *Madonna and Child*, \$220,000—purchased by the well-known New York collector, Jack Linsky; Rembrandt, *Portrait of an Old Man*, \$180,000—purchased by Edward J. Speelman, of London; Frans Hals, *Man with a Herring* (Pieter Cornelisz van der Morsch), \$145,000—acquired by the Carnegie Institute; Perugino, *St. Augustine with Members of the Confraternity of Perugia*, \$125,000—also acquired by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; Rembrandt, *Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, Governor of the Netherlands*, \$110,000—bought by M. Knoedler & Co., South Netherlands Master, called the Master of St. Augustine, *Scenes from the life of St. Augustine*, \$110,000—acquired by the Metropolitan Museum for The Cloisters; Cranach, the Elder, *Princess Sybille of Cleves, Electress of Saxony*, \$105,000—bought by Thomas Agnew & Son, of London (illustrated in our issue of November, 1961); Nattier, *La Marquise de Baglion as Flora*, purchased by Wildenstein.

The Erickson sale broke so many records that one has stopped keeping count; world record for auction sale; world record for one single picture sold either at auction or at private sale; record price for a Fragonard (more than double the previous record); record for a Nattier, etc.

(Continued on page 222)

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of XVIIth to XXth Centuries.

(Continued on page 223)

The English School was not represented in the Erickson Collection with examples of comparable importance to the Dutch, Italian and French. Understandably enough therefore, the prices realized in that section were proportionately lower: a portrait of *Dorothea, Lady Eden* by Gainsborough, brought \$40,000—it was purchased by a New York private collector, who had already acquired No. 1 and 2 in the sale, *Portrait of a Man* and *Portrait of a Lady* by Jan Mostaert, for \$11,000 each. *Quintin McAdam as a Boy* by Raeburn, was knocked down at \$60,000—and went to Thomas Agnew & Son, of London; a Romney, *Mrs. James Lowther, née Mary Codrington*, went for \$32,000—topping by one thousand dollars the highest American auction sale price of last season (for the Turner, disposed of by the New York Public Library)—again a record of a sort, in addition to which, as Mr. Leslie A. Hyam pointed out, Romney has suffered an eclipse in recent years, and this is in fact the highest price for a Romney since the depression—a final record, and not devoid of significance. The Romney painting was purchased by a New York private collector, the same who had acquired earlier in the sale the Van Dyck *Portrait of a Genoese Officer* for the sum of \$27,000.

This important sale was carried on with typically American speed and casual good-humour. Mr. Louis J. Marion, Executive Vice-President of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, can always be relied upon for masterly handling of his public and bidders, ranging all the way from quips and witticisms through amiable cajoling to stern and dignified rebukes when the bids are not up to the exalted merits of the object offered. This time, Mr. Marion began the sale of the Rembrandt with \$1,000,000-bid, warning his audience that none but \$100,000—bids would be accepted. By this time, there was not a person in the audience who would not have taken anything less than this as a downright personal insult. The Rembrandt was knocked down to "an Eastern Museum", later revealed as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in less than four minutes. The Fragonard (purchased by the eminent collector Chester Dale for the National Gallery,

Washington, D.C.) may have taken all of five minutes to achieve its price tag of \$875,000.

Jubilation here is widespread that not only the Rembrandt and the Fragonard (with the latter, all of New York had fallen in love upon viewing, and the original estimate had gone up to \$500,000), but also many other important pictures of the group have remained in the States. If a public poll had been taken, no doubt it would have indicated the Metropolitan Museum and the National Gallery as the favoured depositories for these treasures. "The" Rembrandt (no one ever thinks of it or refers to it in any other way) has already gone on view at the Metropolitan Museum and is drawing capacity crowds, and will certainly continue to do so for a long time to come. It is now hoped that the Crivelli also will eventually find its way in a great national museum.

Leslie A. Hyam was quoted in the daily press as stating after the sale "It is Americans who buy most of the great paintings, and it's Americans who set most of the prices on both sides of the Atlantic. This sale clearly demonstrates the world art-market is here". When queried at the press conference in regard to the commission charged by the galleries, Mr. Hyam referred to wild rumours that had been current on that subject, and while he would not reveal the terms of the agreement, he did pronounce emphatically that the deciding factor had not been consideration of the commission fee but conviction on the part of the trustees of the Erickson Estate that the highest possible prices would be attained in America—this fact was unreservedly confirmed by the trustees, present at the meeting.

It should be recalled that at the close of the 1960/61 season Mr. Hyam reporting on the sales that season had at that time made a statement that proves to have been truly prophetic: "The finest procurable examples in any category attain unpredictably high prices, for collectors will pay whatever they have to in the competitive market place when such articles are offered" (vide *New York News*, APOLLO, August, 1961).

The total achieved by sale of the twenty-four Erickson paintings: \$4,679,250.

SALE ROOM PRICES

A New York firm announces the publication of a "special research manual: *Super Profits in Art*". This, together with a series of 24 "package releases" which will tell what to buy and where to find it, will inform the subscriber to the service "how to make super-profits in the art market now with the same disciplined methods and careful research technology used by successful stock market investors". A comprehensive service is offered, and includes: "How to discover promising new artists; How to detect trends at their beginning stages; How to bid for best buys at auctions; Buying by mail—safely; How to sell your art investments for ready cash when needed", and so forth. It all sounds very easy to accomplish, as these things usually do; "Yes", says the brochure, "even with \$5, one can buy low-priced 'growth stocks'—prints, drawings, and objects of art. With somewhat more capital, an investor can turn to 'senior stocks'—paintings, fine furniture, sculpture, incunabula and rare books".

Looked at from this highly-organised scientific angle, it cannot be long before Christie's and Sotheby's are crowded with eager investors clutching wads of £5 notes and dollar-bills, engaged in deep converse with members of a new race of tipsters. Will they be as colourful as that well-known figure of the English race-course; feathered head-dress, title, and the rest? In the meantime, both buyer and seller must rely on their own judgment, and the following results of recent sales may help.

ENGLISH PORCELAIN AND POTTERY

SOTHEBY'S. The late Mr. D. M. Hunting's collection of Lowestoft comprised examples of most types, and many pieces had been illustrated by the owner in *The Transactions of the English Ceramic Circle*, and elsewhere. Some of them were in the Wallace Elliot (1938), F. A. Crisp (1935), and Mrs. Colman (1948) collections, and some big rises in value were to be observed. A number of specimens were bought by East Anglian institutions.

A teapot painted in blue with sailing ships and with a view of St. Margaret's Church, Lowestoft, with matching cover but one side of the pot broken and missing, the base inscribed with initials and dated 1767, £150 (Crisp, £12)—a teapot and cover in blue with Chinese river scenes and landscapes, the base inscribed: *Eliz.th Johnson Norwich Febr. 5th. 1786*, £70 (Crisp, £10)—a mug painted in colours with a border of Chinese pattern, sprays of flowers, and the monogram "W.T.T.C." in an escutcheon with the words "Sacred to Friendship" within a ribbon label, 4 1/2 ins. high, £85 (Elliot, £14, and mentioned in *Trans. E.P.C.* as bearing a monogram of initials "W.I.I.C.")—a baluster jar and cover with reserved panels of flowers and landscapes on a powder-blue ground, and a powder-blue saucer dish with vignettes of Chinese *shan shui* and flower sprays, £50 (Colman, £36)—a teapot and cover painted in blue with the fenced garden and root pattern, the base inscribed: *Mary Crowfoot 1778*, £100 (this or a similar teapot sold with a pair of similarly inscribed cups and saucers in the Crisp sale for £16)—a bell-shaped mug painted with an escutcheon bearing the arms of Carysfort of Norman

(Continued on page 224)

Register of London Picture Dealers — continued

Gallery	Specialities
JOHN MANNING 71 NEW BOND STREET, W.1 MAYfair 4629	Old and Modern Drawings of the English and Continental Schools
MARLBOROUGH FINE ART LTD. 39 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 HYDe Park 6195-6 CABLES BONDARTO	French Impressionists and Important XXth Century Paintings Finest Old Masters
MATTHIESEN GALLERY 142 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. Mayfair 5767	Old Masters, French Impressionists, Contemporary Art
McROBERTS & TUNNARD LTD. 34 CURZON STREET, W.1. GRO. 3811	XIXth and XXth Century Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture
JOHN MITCHELL & SON 8 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. HYDe Park 7567	Old Master Paintings
NEW LONDON GALLERY 17-18 OLD BOND STREET, W.1. GROsvenor 6755 CABLES BONDARTO	Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture
NEW VISION CENTRE GALLERY 4 SEYMOUR PLACE, MARBLE ARCH, W.1	Contemporary Paintings and Sculptures
OBELISK GALLERY 15 CRAWFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. Hunter 9821	Modern Paintings, Modern Sculpture, Ancient Sculpture.
O'HANA GALLERY 13 CARLOS PLACE, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1	Till 13th December, Paintings by Cyril J. Ross Salon de Noel, 15th December-31st January European Masters of the XIXth and XXth centuries
HAL O'NIANS 6 RYDER STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1 WHI 9392	Old Master Paintings and Drawings
PARKER GALLERY 2 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1	Marine, Military, Sporting and Topographical Paintings and Prints; Old Maps, Ship Models, Weapons and Curios
PORTAL GALLERY 16a GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., W.1. HYD. 0706	Modern, Primitive, Romantic and Surrealist Paintings
PULTIZER GALLERY 5 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8 WEStern 2647	Exhibition of Paintings and Watercolours by English and Continental Masters
REDFERN GALLERY 20 CORK STREET, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1	Contemporary English and French Paintings
ROLAND, BROWSE & DELBANCO 19 CORK STREET, W.1	French Paintings & Drawings of the XIXth & XXth Centuries Old Masters and Contemporary Art
SEVEN ARTS GALLERY 49 SOUTH MOLTON ST., W1 (First Floor) MAYfair 2782	20th Century Lithographs, Watercolours, Drawings
EDWARD SPEELMAN LTD. EMPIRE HOUSE, 175 PICCADILLY, W.1 HYDe Park 0657	Old Master Paintings
TEMPLE GALLERY 3 HARRIET ST., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 Belgravia 7678	Modern Paintings, Greek and Russian Icons
ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS 31 BRUTON STREET, W.1	Old and Modern Pictures of International Value for Private Collectors and Public Galleries
UPPER GROSVENOR GALLERIES 19 UPPER GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1	Works by Modern Artists always on show. Also a large selection of Old Masters.
WADDINGTON GALLERIES 2 CORK STREET, LONDON, W.1 REGent 1719	Specialises in Contemporary British Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture
JOHN WHIBLEY GALLERY 60 GEORGE ST., BAKER STREET, W.1 Welbeck 5651	Modern Paintings and Sculptures
WILDENSTEIN & CO., LTD. 147 NEW BOND STREET, W.1	Paintings, Drawings, Sculpture by the Finest Masters
WOODSTOCK GALLERY 16 WOODSTOCK STREET, W.1 MAYfair 4419	Contemporary Sculptures and Paintings

Cross, Huntingdonshire, 4½ ins. high, £120—a chocolate pot and cover of early date, modelled with the handle at right angles to the spout, painted with a figure of a lady "with rather grim expression" and with a bird and a flowering branch, 9½ ins. high, £190. Porcelain from other factories in recent sales has included the following: a Bow white group of two lovers after a Meissen original by J. J. Kändler, the man holding a mandolin and kissing the girl beside him, 4½ ins. high, £240—a Bow figure of a canary enamelled in colours, 5 ins. high, £200—a Bloor Derby dinner service of 151 pieces enamelled in colours in an Imari pattern, £88—a Worcester dessert service of 43 pieces painted with a crest on an apricot ground with a gilt vermicular pattern; Barr Flight and Barr marks, £280—a pair of Derby figures of squirrels modelled nibbling at nuts held in their forepaws, 3½ ins. high, £65—a pair of Chelsea candlestick groups of a donkey with a saddle slung with dead game birds and a hare, and the other with a cow looking at a dog which lies in its manger, painted in colours and marked with the gold anchor, 12 ins. high, £290. Pottery has included a very fine example of a saltglaze arbour group with "scratched blue" decoration, the arbour sheltering a group of five figures seated on benches round a tea-table laid with cups and saucers, etc., and with a baby in its cradle in the foreground, which realised £3,400. Other pottery included the following: a pair of white saltglaze figures of recumbent horses on flat bases with applied leaves and florettes, naturalistically modelled and with the eyes coloured brown, £1,450—a cream and brown Astbury "Squire" Toby jug, with mottled ochre and manganese buttons, cuffs and breeches mingled with blue, the plain handle with a blue terminal, 11 ins. high, £320—a Ralph Wood figure of St. George and the dragon coloured with green, brown and other glazes, 11 ins. high, £145—a Lambeth delft punchbowl inscribed in blue *To Granby The, Brave*, 8½ ins. diameter, £110—a Whieldon coffee-pot and cover moulded with a portrait of a monarch and perhaps intended to commemorate the coronation of George III in 1760, 7½ ins. high, £155—a Whieldon colour-glazed tea caddy incised under the base: *Daniel Great Batch 1755*, perhaps a relation of the well-known William Greatbatch, 6½ ins. high, £125—a Ralph Wood group of a flute-player and his companion, seated against a tree with sheep at their feet and a dog seated at his side, 9½ ins. high, £160—an Astbury figure of a bagpiper seated on a tree-trunk support, and with cream-glazed hair, mottled blue coat, green breeches and brown shoes, 5 ins. high, £210—a Ralph Wood figure of a stag at lodge, and the companion figure of a doe, 6 ins. high, £290

—a Ralph Wood teapot and cover modelled as an elephant with castellated howdah in which sits a monkey, glazed in green and brown, 11 ins. long, £300.

FURNITURE, PORCELAIN, PAINTINGS AND SILVER

PHILLIPS, SON & NEALE'S. A Flemish oak cabinet with domed cornice and carved decoration, the upper part with shelves enclosed by glazed doors, 5 ft. wide, £200—a pair of Hepplewhite mahogany open-arm fauteuils with scrolled arms and cabriole legs, £440—an antique walnut chest of drawers, 39 ins. wide, £230—a Sheraton rosewood sofa table with broad crossbanding of calamander and amboyna, 5 ft. wide, £165—a Louis XV style ormolu-mounted bureau veneered with kingwood and fitted with a clock and twin-branched candelabra, 43 ins. wide, £580—a Worcester, Flight, Barr and Barr, tea service of 48 pieces, painted with named landscapes, £200—a pair of Georgian silver sauceboats, by John Kirkup, Newcastle, 1754, £165—a coffee-pot with scrolled spout and collet foot, by Walter Brind, London, 1771, £185—an Elizabeth I seal-top spoon with a figure of St. Peter, by H I, London, 1595, £150—a Georgian child's rattle of two-coloured gold with a coral end, in sharkskin case, £140.

GRAVES, SON & PILCHER, Palmeira Auction Rooms, Hove, Sussex. A silver-gilt lyre clock set with rose diamonds, by Carl Fabergé, £1,100—a two-colour gold cigar box, 5½ ins. by 4 ins., by Carl Fabergé, £1,450—a set of six gold-mounted rock crystal vodka cups, by Carl Fabergé, £860—an oval 'Opera' box in enamelled red and green gold, by Carl Fabergé; made to the order of Czar Alexander III to commemorate a gala performance of Tchaikowsky's 'The Queen of Spades' in 1890, by Carl Fabergé, £2,800 (formerly in the collection of Sir Bernard Eckstein and sold in 1949 for £300)—a Sheraton inlaid mahogany sideboard, 54 ins. wide, £200—a Queen Anne walnut bureau-cabinet with fitted interior and mirror doors, 39 ins. wide, £290—an oil-painting of a vase of white, pale pink and pale yellow roses, by Henri Fantin-Latour, £8,200.

HENRY SPENCER & SONS, Retford, Notts, at Knappton Hall, Malton, Yorks. A pair of Regency japanned and gilt wood torcheres, carved with leafage and supported on lion-paw feet, £100—an ormolu chandelier hung with cut glass prisms and beads, £125. At 'Pinfold's', Welham, near Retford, a French cartel clock in a hexagonal case, inlaid with brass and veneered in tortoiseshell in the manner of Boulle, £160. At the Auction Rooms, Retford, a pair of George II silver candlesticks, London, 1747, £230.

Les Galeries de Peinture à Paris

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4 RUE DES BEAUX-ARTS, PARIS VI

ODE 52-19

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53 RUE DE SEINE, 6°

GALERIE LACLOCHE

8 PLACE VENDOME, PARIS

GALERIE KARL FLINKER

34 RUE DU BAC, 7°

GALERIE FRICKER

177 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN, 8°

ELY 20-57

GALERIE DENISE RENE

124 RUE DE LA BOÉTIE, 8°

GALERIE VENDOME

12 RUE DE LA PAIX

OPE 84-77

VILLAND & GALANIS

127 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN, 8°

GALERIE ROR VOLMAR

75 RUE DU FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ, 8° ELY 27-20

Marcoussis, Vuillard, Delaunay, Raoul Dufy, Valmier, Mouly, Hilaire, Bauchesne, Lecoultré, Bret, Rin

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Gleizes, Gromaire, Herbin, Jawlensky, Dobashi, Duncan, Avray Wilson, etc.

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